★ Liberty
MAY 16, 1942 10¢

MOTHER'S DAY 1942

THE MYSTERY OF INDIA

by Louis Bromfield

WITH YOUR AID WE SHALL BE

VICTORIOUS

in the fight against

CANCER

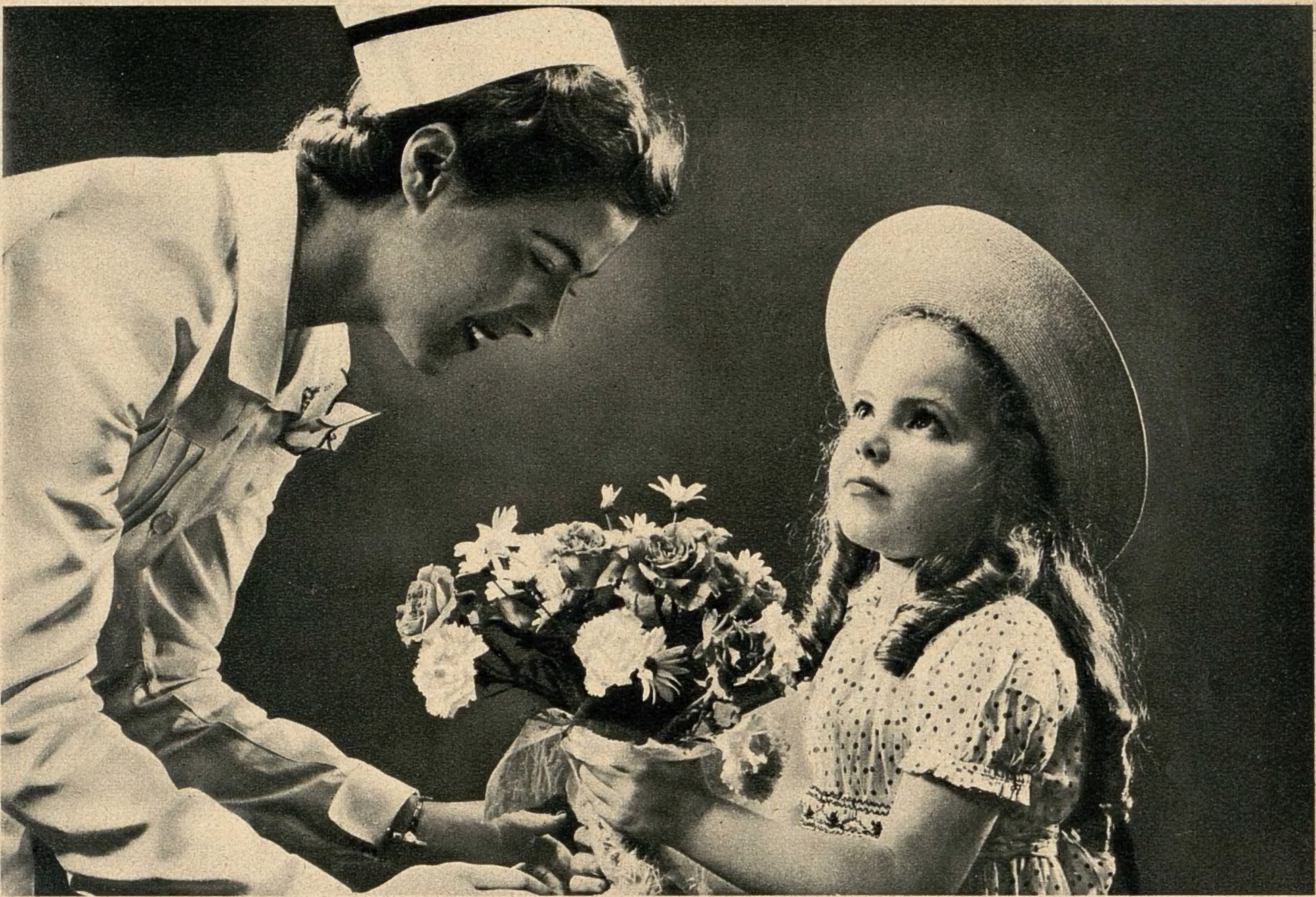
- Enlist in your local unit of the Women's Field Army today. Buy package labels. You can help spread the knowledge that CANCER CAN BE CURED.
- If you live in the Metropolitan Area, address the New York City Cancer Committee, 130 East 66th Street. Package labels and the Quarterly Review will be sent you for your dollar.

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER

New York, New York

Look! Is not this your Daughter? Is not she young America?

She has a great Heritage, A Future filled with Promise!



We see her a Woman, Sympathetic and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

SHE IS YOUR DAUGHTER—she is young America! Her future encompasses the things we stand for. You have helped give her the priceless dowry of a body strong in health, a mind shaped without fear, a confidence that faces the future hopefully . . . and *smiling!*

Yes, smiling! For even now this little girl knows well a lesson in dental health that many an adult has still to learn. In thousands of classrooms* all over the country, youngsters of America are being taught this vital dental truth—that *firm, healthy gums* are important to sound teeth and bright, sparkling smiles.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist right away.* It may not be serious—but let him decide. He may simply say your gums have become sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of natural exercise. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums. When you massage your gums with Ipana, that stimulating "tingle" means gum circulation is increasing—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Start today to make Ipana and massage a regular part of your dental routine. With Ipana and massage help yourself to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

**In 1941 at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.*

VOX POP

ON AN EDITORIAL CALLED "THE RISING WHISPER"

Hudson, Ohio—The Rising Whisper (April 11 Liberty) is the best editorial I ever read. We need to get so mad that nothing will stop us!—*H. W. R.*

Chippewa Falls, Wis.—May the whisper soon become a national roar.—*C. E. Reynolds, Buck Private of 1898.*

Harrisburg, Pa.—We women are all behind everything said in The Rising Whisper. We want our sons to have the goods to deliver their blows.

The editorial was read aloud at our sewing circle, and an old lady—and I mean lady—startled us by saying, "Good for Liberty. I hope it keeps on giving those bureaucrats hell!"—*An Irate Grandmother Eighty Years Old.*

Menard, Tex.—I have disagreed with many of your editorials. But The Rising Whisper should be read by every red-blooded American.—*A. W. Cowin.*

Austin, Minn.—The editorial scored a bull's-eye, but how would the writer convert the already manufactured silk stockings hoarded by unpatriots into parachutes? Establish a WPA program to unravel 'em? Let's have more timely articles with punch, but let's base them on facts and common sense!—*R. L. Edwards.*

Pensacola, Fla.—Well, thank God! At last it has been written. American mothers will not tolerate risking their sons in battle without sufficient equipment. We home citizens have been patient while our Congress voted pensions for themselves and have held our fire when labor called strikes. But our patience is at an end.

Let those who are blinded by selfish interests take heed of the American temper!—*A Plain American Mother.*

Calexico, Calif.—April 11 Liberty reaches an all-time high with that splendid editorial, The Rising Whisper, and Joan Fontaine's I Can Tell You About the Japs. Thank God for the intestinal fortitude of Liberty. Let's get down to the business of winning this war.—*K. R. Edmunds.*

Mitchell, S. D.—We are behind the President all the way, but we want raw bear meat, not lollipops.—*L. G. Troth.*

SLIGHT KICK FROM ALASKA

Kotzebue, Alaska—Just why do you and so many other magazines put the number of the pages in first one place and then another? Why did you ruin the cover of February 21 Liberty by that big block LIBERTY in the upper corner? Many of us would have added it to our collection had you stopped to think.

Liberty reaches us via dog team and plane, so I am lucky to have the February 21 number by March 12.—*Mrs. Frank Glaser.*

SNAKES AND SUBMARINES

Cleveland, Ohio—For the benefit of Dora Belle Lee (April 11 Vox Pop) and others who think, as she does, that rattlesnakes never strike without warning, no less an authority than Raymond Ditmars, curator of reptiles at Bronx Zoo, says that they don't always rattle a warning.

To be strictly sporting, neither do our subs warn an enemy ship before they give it a torpedo in the ribs; not after a declaration of war, anyway.—*J. Lucas.*

HERE'S HOPING!

Los Angeles, Calif.—You birds were right, for once. Lieutenant Bosworth's You Always Remember in March 21 Liberty *was* the grandest story of the sea anybody ever read. Hope he'll have some more for us after it's over.—*J. H. Faler.*

SOMETHING MORE FOR H. L. MENCKEN TO WORRY ABOUT

Fargo, N. D.—I believe that an actor in a bad mood is a ham, a lawyer who is feeling low will lose his case, and a doctor on an off day should not be allowed near an operating table. How does Mr. Mencken get the idea that writing is a safe proposition? A lawyer's or an actor's mistakes are soon forgotten, but a journalist's error stands out in black and white for people to see for years. *Mr. Mencken, please!—Ray Sebens.*

CONSENSUS ON CLAPPER

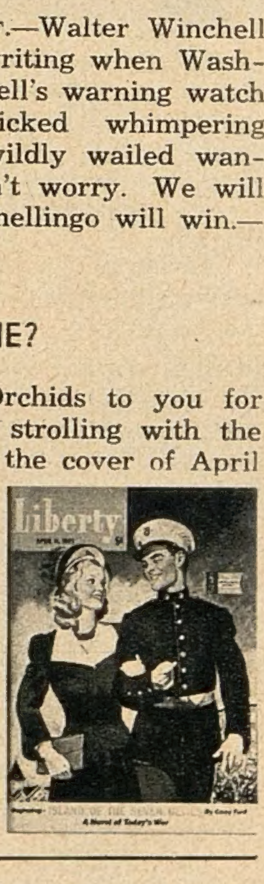
San Francisco, Calif.—I hope you can give us a lot of Raymond Clapper. He sees straight and is unafraid to write the truth.—*Frances Corbett.*

Holyoke, Mass.—I find Mr. Clapper's words in April 4 Liberty (Mrs. Roosevelt Sees No Evil) an expression of ignorance, smallness, and craftiness worthy only of a Nazi.—*Julia Daniels.*

W-W-WELL, WALTER!

Los Angeles, Calif.—Walter Winchell willingly withdrew writing when Washington wanted Winchell's warning watch words. Worried wicked whimpering whispering Willies wildly wailed wantonly. Well, we won't worry. We will wager Walter's Winchellingo will win.—*Walter R. Scheibel.*

NOT EVEN TYRONE?



St. Albans, Vt.—Orchids to you for depicting the blonde strolling with the handsome marine on the cover of April 11 Liberty. This helps to make up for the February 28 cover.

I am a blonde, and I have never thought of swapping a "Blonde's Blessing in Blues" for any one else, not excepting Tyrone Power. —*Shirlie A. Lawton.*

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"Ask me about tires made with synthetic rubber... I've had 'em on my car for months!"

"SURE," continued the fire chief. "It was 'way last year when I first heard about tires made with Ameripol. The B. F. Goodrich Company wanted to find out how they would stand up in actual use, so I put a set on the car."

"So what happened?" asked the car owner.

"That's the point! Nothing happened," answered the fire chief. "Near as I can tell, they're no different than any other good tires!"

The next time the conversation turns toward synthetic rubber, you can tell folks that it's far beyond the laboratory stage. For 15 years we have invested our time and money perfecting Ameripol.

Nearly two years ago we sold the first tires containing synthetic rubber ever sold in this country. More than half the rubber was synthetic.

Thousands of these tires were bought and road-tested by patriotic corporations and car owners who wanted to help B. F. Goodrich get America's synthetic rubber program started. Their performance was successfully proved.

If America has to declare its temporary independence of foreign rubber sources, you can probably look forward to riding on tires made with Ameripol some day.

Not next month. Very likely not next year. But some day. For many military purposes Ameripol is better than natural rubber. And military needs must come first, of course.

Remember, Silvertowns have always been high quality tires. And they always will be, whether they're made with synthetic rubber or natural rubber!

TIRE INFORMATION HEADQUARTERS

Your B. F. Goodrich Dealer or Silvertown Store is Tire Information Headquarters for your neighborhood. Here you can get the answers to your questions about tires, or the tire situation. Even more important, you can get the advice and help of tire experts on how to get more miles from your tires. Your "B. F. Goodrich Man" is also qualified to make expert repairs, if needed.

How to make your tires last longer!

1. Maintain recommended or rated air pressure at all times.
2. Shift your tires from wheel to wheel every 5000 miles to insure uniform wear on all tires, including spare.
3. Don't take corners at high speed; that wears tires faster than anything else.
4. Never slam on your brakes—except to prevent an accident.
5. Have your wheel alignment, front and rear, checked regularly.
6. Don't drive too fast—for high speed heats up tires and hastens deterioration and wear.
7. Start up gently; do not spin your wheels and grind off rubber.
8. Do not bump into curb—no tire will withstand such abuse.

WRITE B. F. GOODRICH, AKRON, O., FOR FREE 48-PAGE BOOKLET "Will America Have to Jack Up Its 29,000,000 Automobiles?"

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

Rick Twins surprise their dentist with proof that...

PEPSODENT POWDER

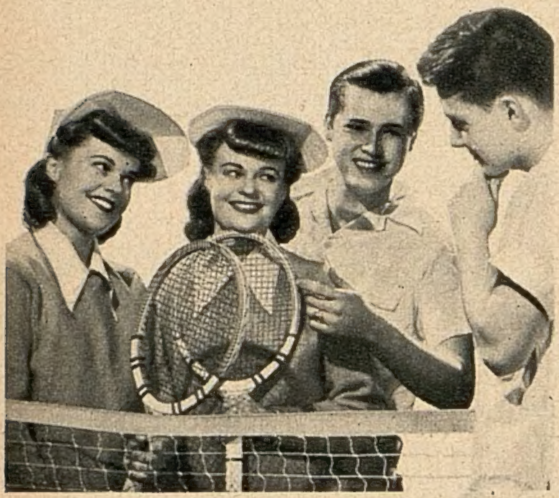
makes teeth

TWICE AS BRIGHT

Pretty Margaret and Marilyn Rick, Palatine, Illinois, Twins, chorus: "Pepsodent's really 'super'!"

"**People always had** a hard time telling us apart ... in school, in the neighborhood, anywhere! But, say ... after Margaret won the toss to see who'd use Pepsodent, it was different! I chose to test another well-known brand, thinking there couldn't be much difference."

"**Did I learn** about tooth powders! Our dentist was skeptical at first ... then amazed ... when Pepsodent made Peg's teeth twice as bright as mine! He said he never saw anything like it! Neither did we! Pepsodent showed us how really bright teeth can be!"



...and the Rick Twins' Dentist says:

"Of course, I was skeptical. Pepsodent's claims sounded just too good to be true. However, this Rick Twin Test convinced me that the statement of The Pepsodent Company is accurate and truthful."

INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL TEST... PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE ON TEETH **TWICE AS BRIGHT** AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER

For the safety of your smile ...
use Pepsodent twice a day ...
see your dentist twice a year.

THIS WEEK

May 16, 1942

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★ ★ ★ ★

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COVER BY VICTOR KEPPLER

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NEXT WEEK

MAY 23, 1942

E COULDN'T GET NTO THE R. A. F.

d shoot down Messerschmitts. Some-ing about his eyes. But the lovely girl as loyal. Then, when he was resigned to e humdrum of work in the War Office, was given the strangest secret mission

ndon had to offer—an almost certainly ing gamble with death. What happened the daring young American is told in exciting a short serial as we have read Tide of Victory, by LEONARD LEE. This e new thriller begins its swift action in berty next week.

BBOTT, COSTELLO, ND HITLER!

ould you associate the rise of Bud bbott and Lou Costello with that of mocracy's Enemy No. 1? No thanks to tler—but there *is* a connection, and it's to the credit and good fortune of these -and-coming comics of the screen. EDERICK VAN RYN shows what it is in an e-opening article from Hollywood.

HE PRIVATE LIFE F PRIVATE JOE LOUIS

Years ago I wrote that Joe Louis was a ean man.' Somewhere on the long, rd row from rags to riches he found s soul. It was this, almost more than s physical person, that he handed over his country. He has won America's art." . . . PAUL GALLICO, eminent sports thority and litterateur, offers a stirring ece about the champion.

ND: How Admiral King Runs the Navy *news* about our sailor-in-chief by DREW ARSON and ROBERT S. ALLEN. . . . What Do About Your Car, by an expert—first d to motorists bewildered by wartime strictions. . . . Stories by LAURIE HILL-R, ALEC RACKOWE, and others. . . . ctures, features, fun. . . . See you next ek!

GOING PLACES WITH TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF
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T
REG.T.M.

Fred Allen says:

"THIS BOOK'S GOT ACTION . . . the hero uses FIRE-CHIEF gasoline!"

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There are more than 45,000 of us in all 48 States

TUNE IN FRED ALLEN every Sunday night. See your local newspaper for time and station.

How Little Mistakes in Eating Can Keep You Half-Sick

WHICH DO *YOU* SUFFER FROM?

Dietary Indigestion—Heartburn

He is one of the countless people who suffers needlessly from dietary stomach disorders. Chapter 7 of Victor H. Lindlahr's great book shows a way to quick relief and prevention for thousands.

Common Rheumatism and Arthritis

He suffers from rheumatic pains largely because of simple mistakes in his diet. If he follows the suggestions on page eight of Victor H. Lindlahr's remarkable book he should get quick relief.

Excess Weight

She could reduce in no time, yet actually eat more food than she does now . . . if she only ate properly. *"You Are What You Eat"* would tell her how.

Frequent Colds

She is an easy victim of coughs and colds. Something vital is lacking in her diet. What? Read the first chapter of *"You Are What You Eat"* to see how easy it should be to put her on the road to strength and health.

Learn How to Eat Your Way to Better Health

HERE, AT LAST, is Victor H. Lindlahr's remarkable method of health through diet brought to you in a big, fascinating book—at a price so low everyone can own it! In just one evening, you can learn how to *correct* mistakes in eating that may have been keeping you below par . . . you may learn how to be healthier, *happier* by following the *proven* principles of health through diet in Victor H. Lindlahr's remarkable book, *"You Are What You Eat."*

It is a book that reads like a detective novel! A book that gives you the thrilling revelations of recent nutritional discoveries . . . a book that condenses and *explains* these facts and tells you, in simple, understandable language, just how to *apply* them.

Do you suffer needlessly because of simple mistakes you are making in your eating? Let Victor H. Lindlahr help you and your family gain better health through diet. It has been done in thousands of cases. It *is* being done every day!

Don't Let Little Mistakes in Eating Rob You of Good Health

Foods are medicine . . . and Victor H. Lindlahr knows that foods have the power that may give you freedom from many common symptoms. Out of the kitchen can come meals to help put an end to many of your distressing troubles. Yes, foods often possess a remarkable power for improving health—and now Victor H. Lindlahr shows you how *to use this power!*

DO YOU KNOW?

How you may improve your complexion by a simple change in diet?

What foods help you ward off colds?

What low-calory foods are very high in mineral and vitamin value?

What high-vitamin fruits and vegetables will help build you up when you are run-down?

What are the familiar foods that often correct constipation?

What methods of cooking destroy the chief value of certain foods?

—These and hundreds of other fascinating facts about food are revealed in "YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT."

Formerly 2^{50}

NOW ONLY 98¢

—send no money!

Just mail the coupon. You will receive Victor H. Lindlahr's book by return mail. When it comes pay the postman 98¢, plus a few cents postage. If at the end of 5 days you aren't thrilled—return the book and your money will be refunded without question. Mail the coupon NOW.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT
By VICTOR H. LINDLAHR
HOW TO WIN AND KEEP HEALTH WITH DIET
REDUCING . . . Learn how to lose weight quickly by eating the right kind of food
THE MIDDLE YEARS . . . A balanced diet can help ease you through those trying "middle years"
RHEUMATISM—ARTHRITIS . . . A high Vitamin C diet often brings relief from these painful symptoms
VITAMINS—MINERALS . . . Learn how to get health-giving vitamins and minerals from the foods you eat
INDIGESTION—HEARTBURN . . . Learn which foods to eat and which to avoid to prevent annoying troubles
FOOD CHARTS AND TABLES . . . How to select fruits and vegetables; how to prepare them appetizingly and economically for the maximum in health benefit
Price $1.00
Let America's Foremost Authority on Diet Show You How to Eat for Your Health's Sake!

ACT NOW! **Send this coupon —5-day free trial**

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Send me Victor H. Lindlahr's Book, *"You Are What You Eat,"* for only 98c, plus a few cents postage. I understand that if not delighted I may return the book within 5 days and my money will be refunded.

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Address...

City..State.....................

NOTE: If apt to be out when postman calls, send $1.00 with coupon and save C. O. D. postage.

WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR

☆ IT is easy to understand why the Japs and the Nazis have high hopes of winning this war. They are realists. They know precisely what they are fighting for. When you know that, you can fight.

The Japs and the Nazis are out to conquer the world. They have made careful plans. They feel sure they can do it.

We don't like it when they hit below the belt, as they did at Pearl Harbor and in Poland and in Norway. They don't care whether we like it or not. They simply keep on hitting. Above the belt or below the belt, it's all the same to them. They know what they are fighting for.

Do we know what we are fighting for? Honestly, do we? Are we just trying to slap off a swarm of attacking hornets, and then destroy them so they won't attack again? Or are we fighting to make the world safe for democracy? Or what?

Irrespective of any military or naval offensives that may be planned or under way, it is nevertheless a fact that every one of the United Nations is fighting a defensive war. Each one of us was attacked. Not one of us, except Russia, was ready or anything like ready. When the hornets swept down we started slapping around. Mostly we still are.

Not until we realize what we are fighting for will we really get into the groove and go to town on the Messrs. Hitler and Hirohito. Funny thing about us Americans: we are smart in many ways, but we are not as fast on the uptake as we like to think we are. No use fooling ourselves—we are slow on digesting new ideas.

We gave the world the telegraph and the telephone, the electric light and the airplane: those and a lot more. But not until most of us had laughed our heads off at them and said they wouldn't work. Even New York City kept its horsecars on some downtown lines until a few years ago. That's the way we Americans are.

Right now, as far as this war goes, we are still more or less thinking in terms of horsecars. Probably most of us think that we are fighting, by and large, to protect our liberties. It has scarcely occurred to us that we cannot "protect" something we don't possess any more.

Think it over for a minute. Granted that we still have the liberty to express our opinions and that we still have liberty to worship God as we choose, precisely what other liberties have we got left? Not many now.

Hitler and Mussolini started taking our liberties away from us one by one. The Son of Heaven, Mr. Hirohito, applied the blowtorch to the process. Thanks to the three of them, this is how much liberty you've got today:

You can't mail a letter to most places outside the United States without its being opened and read by a stranger, and maybe destroyed.

You can't take a boat to anywhere outside the United States—unless!

You can't drive your car—except!

You can't buy sugar—except!

You can't buy toothpaste—unless!

Naturally you can't buy a new house, because there aren't going to be any new houses except in certain particular spots.

If you are a grown man under the age of sixty-four you can't move from where you live without notifying the government. No matter what age you are, if you are a man, you'll wear the clothes you have or else you will wear new ones the way Mr. Hitler has designed them for us. If you are a girl, you are done with elastic girdles and swing skirts and three-piece ensembles and all-silk stockings.

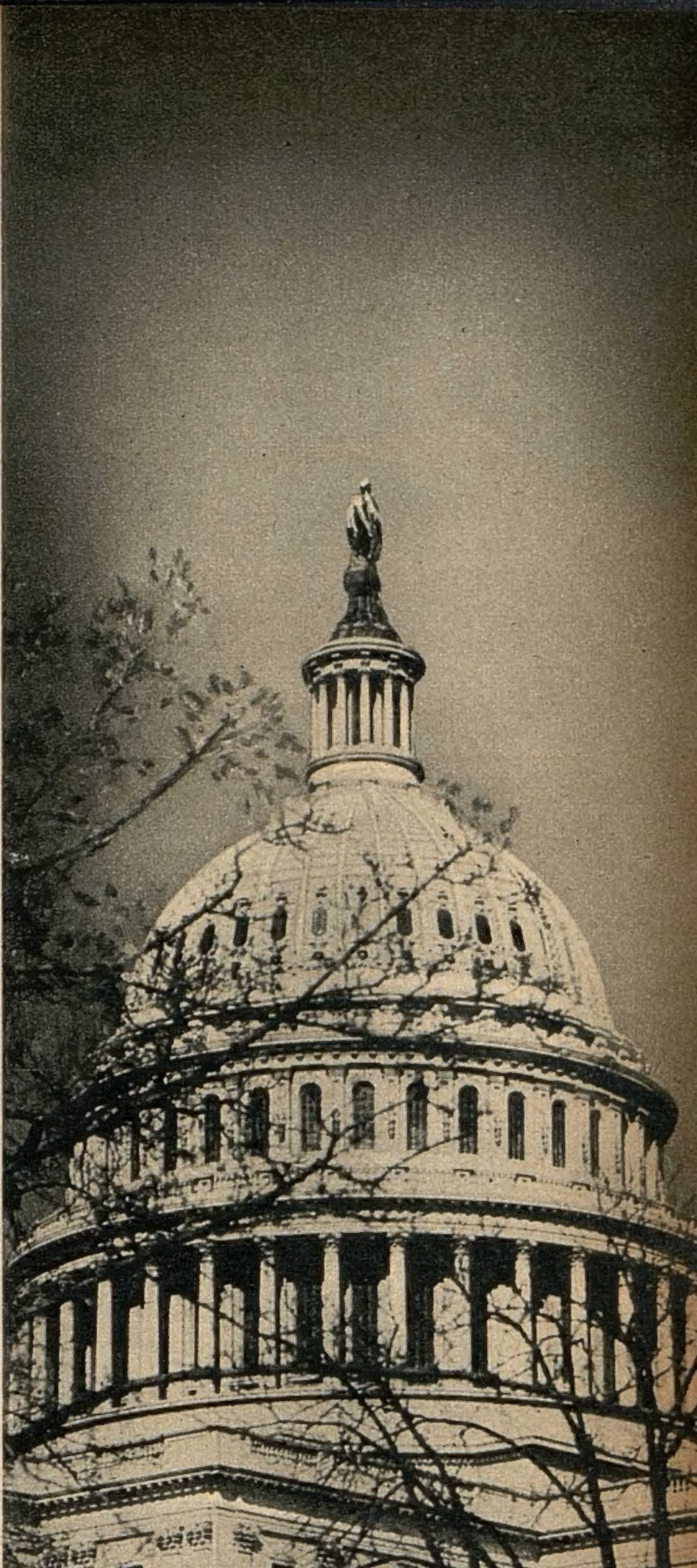
Now do you begin to see what we are really fighting for? We are not fighting to protect our liberties; simply because most of those liberties have already been whisked away from us. What we are fighting for is precisely the same thing George Washington fought for. We are fighting for what the men at Concord and Lexington fought for.

You will find the exact immortal words in the Preamble of the Constitution of the United States of America. What we are fighting for is to "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

That's what we are fighting for—to wrest liberty back from the gangsters who have stolen it away, and then to nail it down for keeps.

The minute we get that straight in our minds, we'll fight—the whole 132,000,000 of us. And maybe some of us will remember what a Frenchman named Bertrand Barère said to his countrymen exactly 150 years ago.

"The tree of liberty," he said, "grows only when watered by the blood of tyrants."



Liberty
MAY 16, 1942

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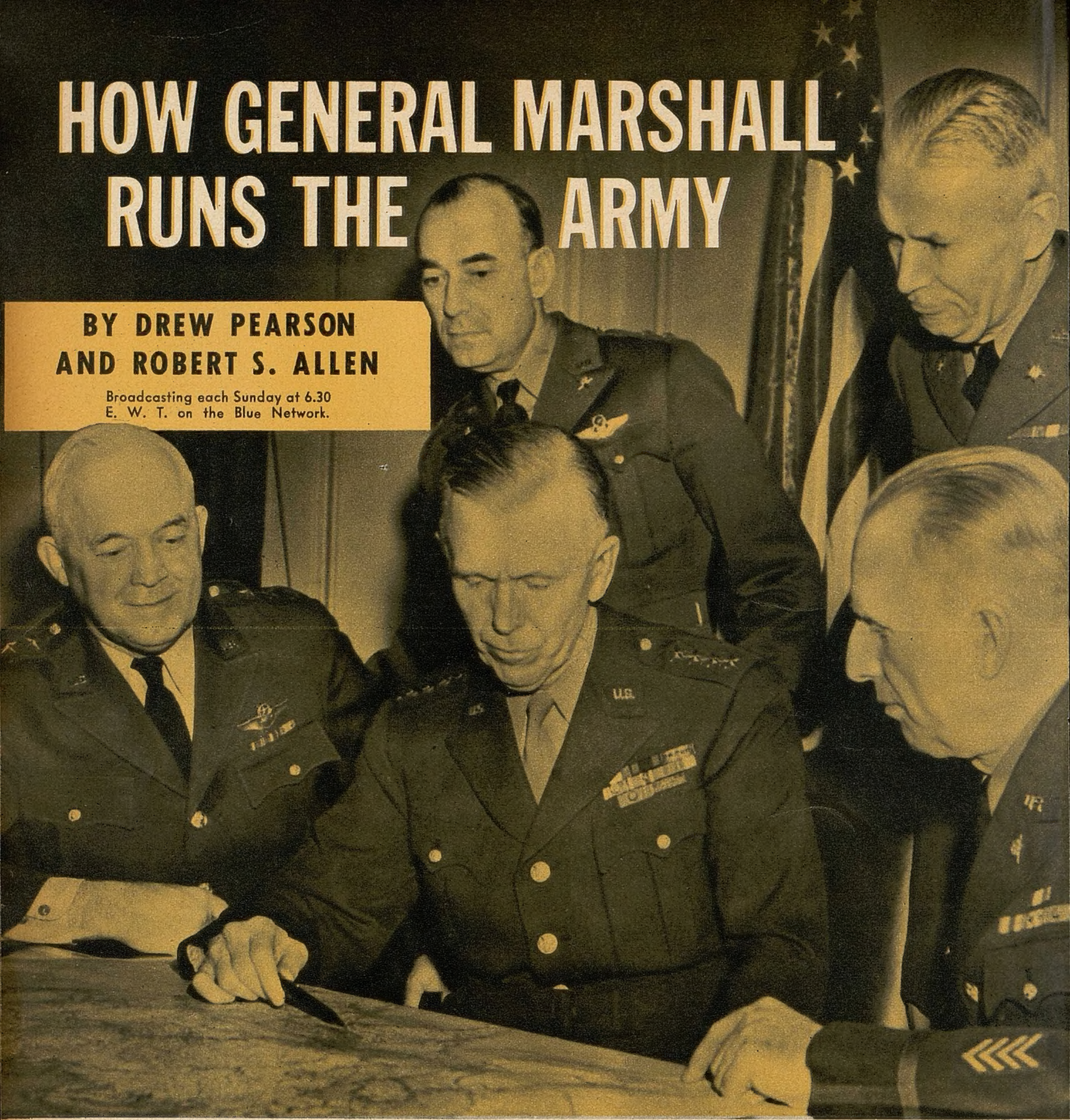
HOW GENERAL MARSHALL RUNS THE ARMY

BY DREW PEARSON AND ROBERT S. ALLEN

Broadcasting each Sunday at 6.30 E. W. T. on the Blue Network.



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC., PHOTO

General George C. Marshall with his general staff. Seated are, left to right, Lieutenant General H. H. Arnold, General Marshall, and Lieutenant General Lesley McNair. Standing are Major General J. T. McNarney and Brehon B. Somervell.

Below: Admiral Ernest J. King, navy commander

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ GEORGE CATLETT MARSHALL, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, will never turn into a pillar of salt. When he makes a decision, there is no turning back. He gives all his mind to a problem, and when the decision is made, even though it affects an army of two million men, he goes through with it; his sleep is untroubled.

The only thing that disturbs his sleep is the bedside telephone connected directly with staff headquarters in the Munitions Building. After eleven o'clock, when the servants leave the house, Mrs. Marshall answers the telephone, and calls him if the business is urgent. It may be the War Department, it may be the White House, or again it may be Milwaukee. Once Milwaukee called at three o'clock in the morning and Mrs. Marshall tried to take the message. The general had been at the White House late and had not gone to bed until midnight.

"Can't you give me the message?"

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC., PHOTOS

Mrs. Marshall and her dog Fleet at home in the garden at Fort Myer, Virginia.

said Mrs. Marshall to the man in Milwaukee. "Is it terribly urgent?"

"Yes, it's urgent. I must speak with General Marshall personally."

So she went into the next room and roused him. Marshall took the phone and listened. The man at the other end had been out late at a party and wanted to tell the chief of staff about a new method for stopping tanks. Marshall was hardly awake, but he snapped this reply at the inebriated armchair strategist:

"You can't stop tanks. You can't even stop your own."

Marshall is often on the bridle paths. The name of the horse he rides is Prepare, and he has been riding that horse, in a figurative sense, ever since the first World War. The first troops of the A. E. F. left Hoboken June 14, 1917, on the S.S. Tenadores. Aboard that ship was a thirty-six-year-old captain named George C. Marshall, who spent most of his time during the crossing keeping the guns out of the hands of soldiers. The recruits were so raw—and so seasick—that they couldn't be trusted with the guns.

They were only half trained; the other half of the job was done in France. Marshall remembers this like a nightmare:

"The terrible things that happened in 1918 in France can be prevented by careful preparation."

Preparation. He has been working at it from age thirty-six to age sixty-one. There were years when the going was slow: "We used to have all of the time and no money; now we have all of the money and no time."

Marshall's job as the army's number one soldier begins at 6.30 in the morning. In the first days of War Time, before spring came to Fort Myer, he got up and dressed in the moonlight. He and Mrs. Marshall take breakfast on the sun porch (meals in this house are served anywhere except in the dining room). Marshall scans two newspapers with his coffee, then makes the six-minute drive down the hill to the river, across the Potomac, around the Lincoln Memorial, to the Munitions Building.

It is now only 7.30 or 7.45. In his office the first task is to study the "Log"—a loose-leaf book with the word *Secret* stamped on the cover. This gives him a brief digest of every important tactical message received by the War Department since he left his desk the night before.

al Towers, Naval Aeronautics head.

Rear Admiral F. J. Horne, head of Naval Operations.

He clears away other papers—his desk is always uncluttered—and goes into his first conference. Every day the first man he sees is General Dwight Eisenhower, chief of war plans. If they need to talk with Admiral King in the adjacent Navy Building, there is a direct telephone line with privacy equipment. He is likely to see Eisenhower two or three times a day. The only other man he sees as frequently is General H. H. (Hap) Arnold, chief of the air force.

If a conference runs into the lunch hour, he takes the men home with him. Mrs. Marshall gets a telephone call just as they are leaving, and knows that in six minutes the general and guests will walk in the door and she must be ready for them. He wants to sit down to the meal at once.

They talk as they drive to Fort Myer, and they talk through lunch. But when lunch is over Mrs. Marshall takes over the talking. The guests may be American, British, Chinese, or Dutch. Whatever they are, she entertains them for fifteen minutes while the general steals off to the sun porch.

Maybe the discussion has dealt with staggering news from Java. Maybe an error of strategy has been revealed. But when Marshall stretches out on the chaise longue in the corner of the sun porch, the heavy weight of war passes from his mind and he sleeps. For fifteen minutes he sleeps. It is his salvation.

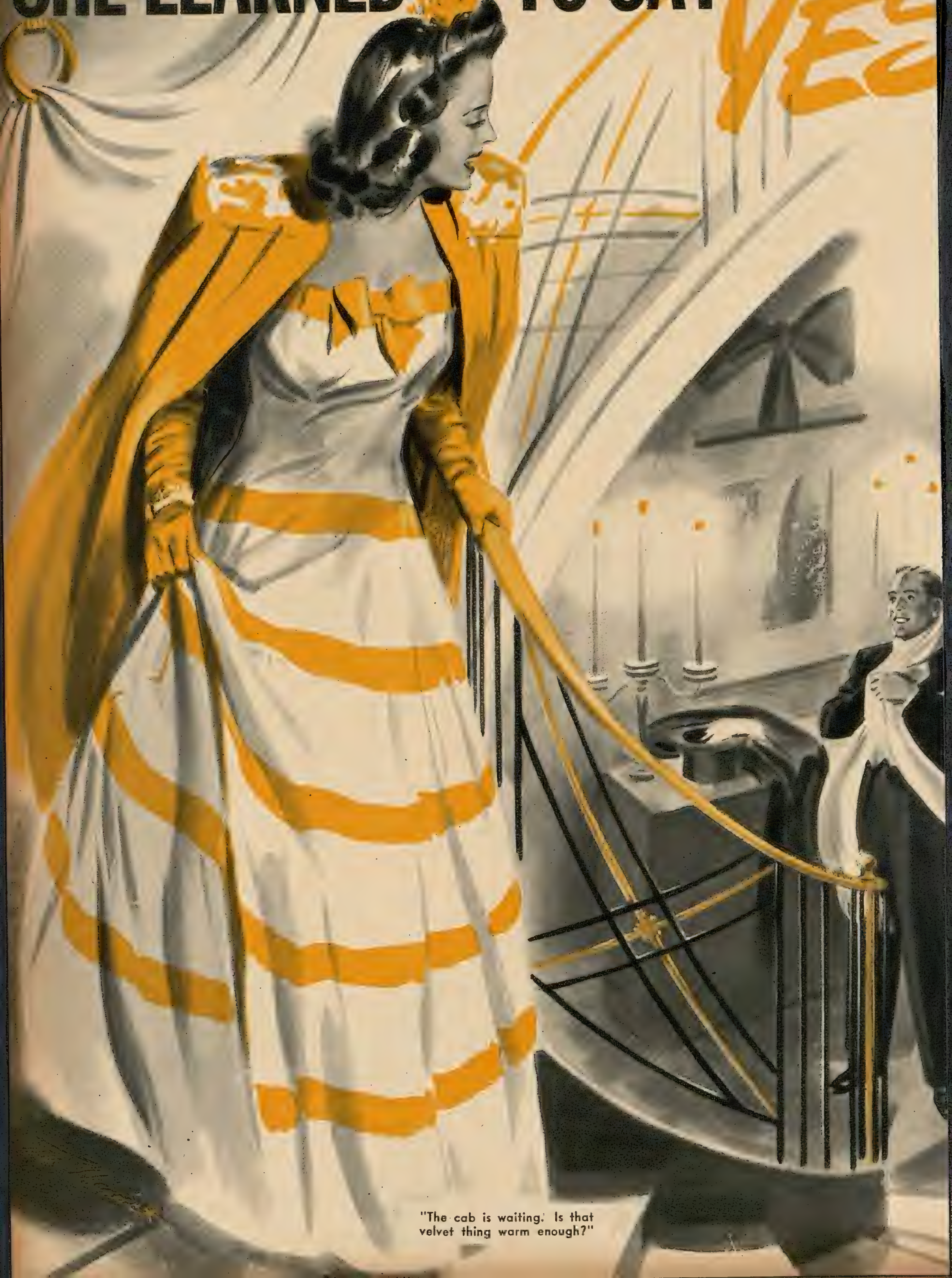
In the afternoon there is a staff conference—either the Joint Chiefs or the Combined Chiefs. "Joint Chiefs" means the American chiefs of staff—General Marshall and Admiral King. The "Combined Chiefs" are the chiefs of staff of the United Nations.

When the Joint Chiefs meet, Marshall, supported by Lieutenant General H. H. Arnold for Air, and Major General J. T. McNarney, deputy chief of staff, sits down with Admiral King, assisted by Rear Admiral John H. Towers for Naval Aeronautics, and Rear Admiral F. J. Horne for Naval Operations.

These six men are the President's war advisers, the men who lay out the strategy of war and give orders for its execution. The job is done in a simple way, six men sitting at a table with a secretary to take notes. The secretary is not a woman. He is a general. The room is neither in the War nor Navy Department, but on neutral ground—the Public Health Service Building across the street. Public Health has been driven out and this building has become the nerve center for the war. Here the plans are made for the action of the Allied Nations in the entire theater of the war. The third floor of this building is given

(*Continued on page 45*)

SHE LEARNED TO SAY YES



"The cab is waiting. Is that velvet thing warm enough?"

When a man strays it sometimes pays to borrow the "other woman's" wiles. A story for wives to read and ponder

BY ROWENA FARRAR

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

☆ "NO," Elena Stanley said patiently, as she smeared her face with cold cream, "you may not invite Suzana Reed to spend the night with you. This is a school night, Judy, and you have homework to do."

The little girl in pigtails, sweater, and red pleated skirt moved near her mother's elaborate dressing table. "But, mother," she argued hopefully, "I've finished my homework. And Suzana's parents are going out too. We want to listen to the radio together and make a new dress for my doll. I—I promise, on my word of honor, to turn out the light at eight thirty." She crossed her heart and smiled pleadingly.

"You may invite Suzana Friday night," Elena said.

Judy stamped her foot. "But she's going away for the week-end. . . ."

"Judy!" Elena spoke sharply this time. "I have given you my answer. Now stop begging. Go tell Bertha to come here a moment. Where is Albert?"

"He's in his room with Tom and Nat Reynolds. They've locked me out. They're having a meeting, mother. They're organizing a secret squadron, or something, and I want to belong. Make them let me in."

"Darling, you're a girl. Perhaps they don't want to admit girls to membership."

"I don't see why." Judy stuck a finger in her mother's face powder and rubbed it experimentally across her freckled nose. "Mother, why does daddy act so funny lately? He's downstairs now, waiting for you, walking up and down, staring at the rug, and sort of mumbling. He looks very super in his dinner clothes, but when I asked him a perfectly civil question, he didn't pay any attention. Is he sick?"

"He's been working too hard," Elena said briefly. "Now run along. And don't annoy your father."

"Am I annoying you, mother?"

"Darling, of course not."

"Then, please may I invite Suzana. . . ."

"Judy! Mother said no!"

Judy gave her mother a bitter look and ran sobbing from the room. Elena sighed deeply and busied herself removing the cold cream. Presently she leaned heavily upon her elbows and closed her eyes. A mortal weariness possessed her. She felt empty, spent, as if some one had run a vacuum cleaner over her heart.

But another dinner party had to be lived through that evening—somehow. It happened regularly now, this stripped, exhausted feeling, and she supposed she should be hardened to it by this time. But she wasn't, and she was afraid she never would be. She thought:

When you love a man as I love Philip, you carry on somehow. You pretend to your children, to your friends, to your enemies, to your world. You know that you are not the only couple in Washington putting on an act. But there is no comfort in that knowledge. You know that the Washington scandalmongers are beginning to point inquiring fingers your way. You know that the gossip columnists are scribbling veiled hints about you.

"Is the same old triangle—wife, husband, secretary—cropping up again in high places?" was the way one of them had worded it recently.

Elena had ignored the innuendoes, the oblique remarks, the whisperings, the lifted eyebrows, hoping the rift could be concealed until Philip was no longer in public life. A high ranking government official would lose the respect, the admiration and the confidence of his chief, of the people he served, and of his intimates if he changed wives in the midst of his term of office. It was unthinkable that he do so in the midst of an emergency as grave as war. Especially if he had two handsome children and an attractive wife. And more especially if the new wife-to-be was his young and pretty secretary.

Elena was determined to keep up appearances, to carry out the farcical set-up in which she was existing, right to the bitter end. She was doing it not only to protect her husband's record but to protect her children as long as possible. And because there still lingered the possibility, however slight, that as long as they remained outwardly a family unit, under the same roof, some miracle would happen to restore Philip to his senses.

Miracles happened quite often in stories. The wronged wife usually transformed herself overnight into an irresistible glamour girl and brought the errant husband to his bended knee, or the child was stricken with some dramatic ailment and a touching reconciliation took place at the bedside, or a handsome suitor marched into the wife's life at the proper moment so that the husband was given a stiff dose of his own medicine, or . . . or . . . or . . .

She made a noise in her throat that sounded more like a sob than a laugh. Presently she opened her eyes and stared at her mirrored reflection in critical dismay. Her high cheekbones stood out gauntly. Her lucent brown-gold hair showed faint patches of gray. There were tiny lines about her solemn gold-flecked eyes.

She did not want to transform herself into a glamour girl, but, thank heaven, there was enough make-up spread out before her to conceal all outward signs of strain and grief. After a few minutes of careful application she could look thirtyish and chic again. And, due to the long walks she took every day in the park and the long active hours she spent doing Red Cross and Civilian Defense work, her figure was still slender and supple.

But there was no clever make-up on the market, no strenuous exercise on the chart, no tasks available that were guaranteed to keep a deserted heart young and supple. In the past few months of disillusionment, however, she had acquired a workable technique—chin up, bright smile, light rejoinders—to give the lie to the many whisperers. But so far she had not been clever enough to precipitate a reconciliation with her husband.

There remained now only a few weeks left for her. At the end of the fiscal year, war or no war, Philip was retiring from public life, retiring from his wife, retiring from his children, retiring from his home, so that he could marry his secretary, Vera Jakes. She had promised to go to Reno for a divorce. . . . It was incredible, but it was so.

On that fateful day that war had struck the United States, Elena had thought that surely this would change his plans. But it had not. Obviously he wanted to serve Vera Jakes far more than he wanted to serve his country. His family didn't matter. These were the facts with which she had to deal. Bitter, ironic facts.

The cook entered quietly. "Want me to zip you up, Miss Elena?" she inquired. "My, you look lovely!"

"Thank you, Bertha. Zip me up quickly, and then give the children their supper. See that their lights are out at eight thirty."

"Yessum. Mr. Stanley is all dressed and downstairs a-smokin' and a-waitin'. . . ."

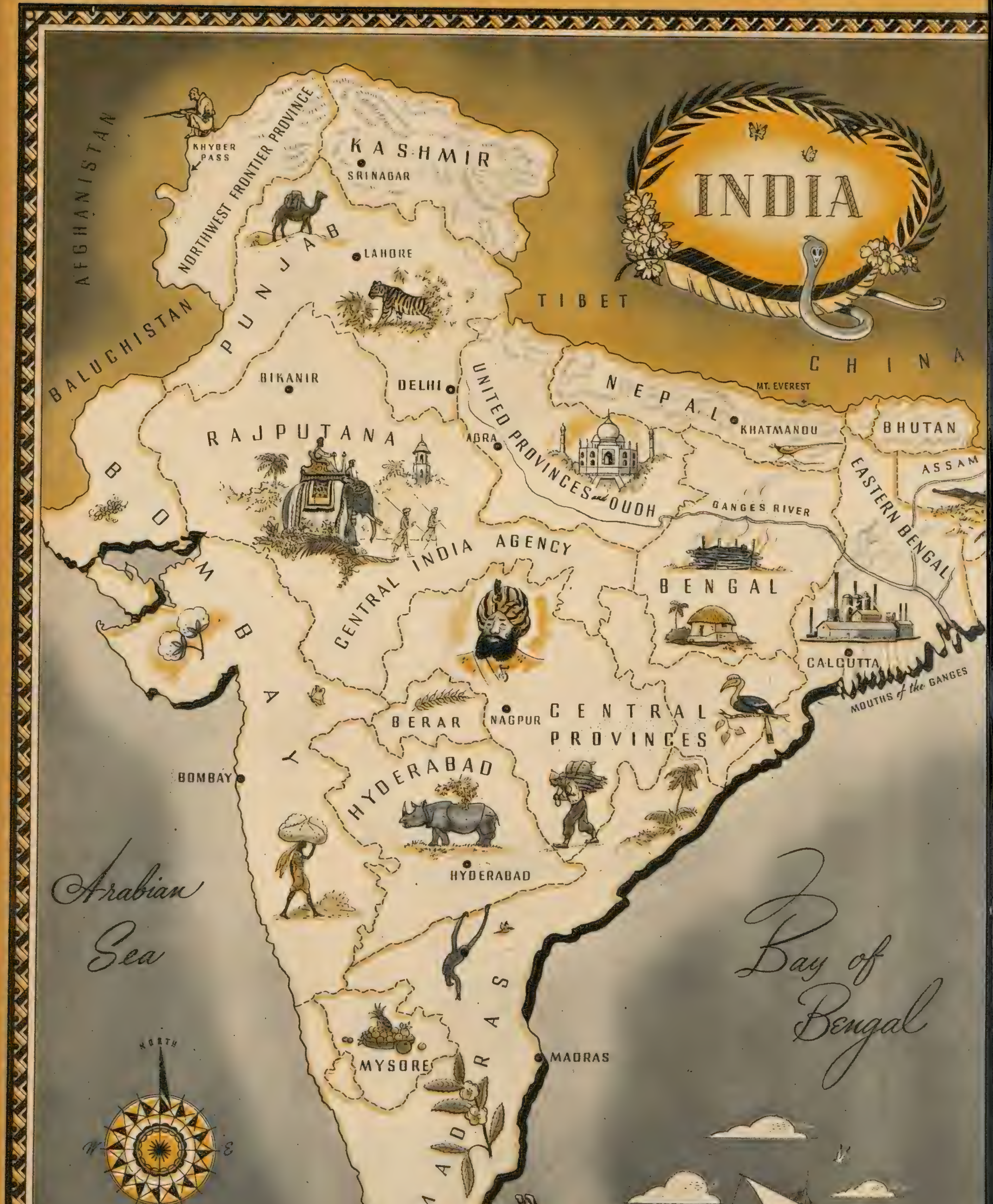
"I know," Elena said quickly. "And please remind the Reynolds boys that it is time for them to run along home."

"Yessum. I hopes you has a good time tonight."

"Thank you."

The indispensable Bertha departed as quietly as she had come, and Elena picked up an atomizer and sprayed her hair. Philip used to watch her dress, often burying his face in her

(*Continued on page 39*)


INDIA
AFGHANISTAN
KHYBER PASS
NORTHWEST FRONTIER PROVINCE
KASHMIR
SRINAGAR
PUNJAB
LAHORE
BALUCHISTAN
TIBET
CHINA
BIKANIR
DELHI
UNITED PROVINCES and OUDH
NEPAL
MT. EVEREST
KHATMANDU
BHUTAN
ASSAM
RAJPUTANA
AGRA
BOMBAY
EASTERN BENGAL
GANGES RIVER
CENTRAL INDIA AGENCY
BENGAL
CALCUTTA
MOUTHS of the GANGES
BERAR
NAGPUR
CENTRAL PROVINCES
BOMBAY
HYDERABAD
HYDERABAD
Arabian Sea
Bay of Bengal
MADRAS
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MADRAS
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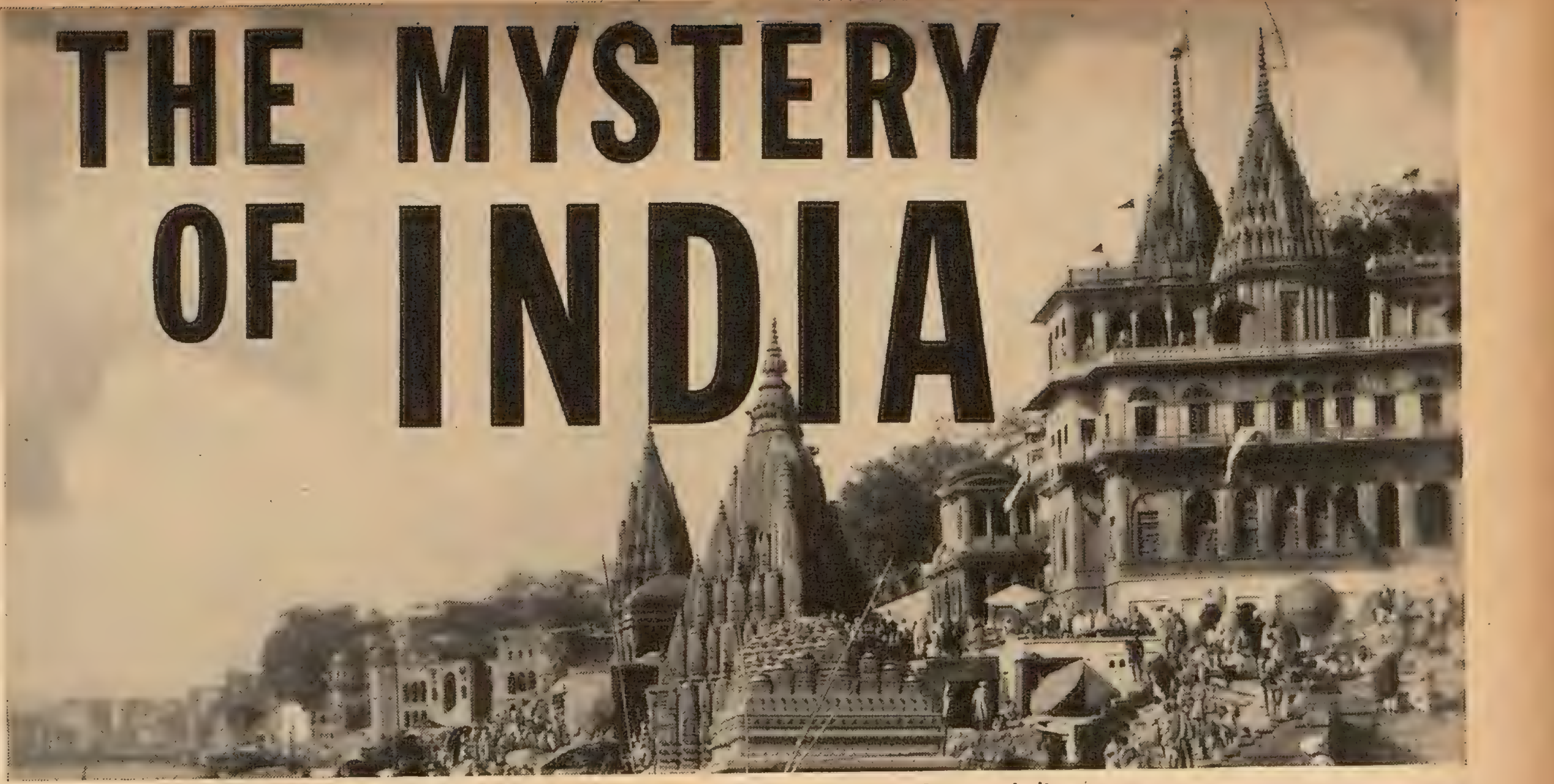
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE

THE MYSTERY OF INDIA



The Sacred Water Temple on the Ganges River at Benares, India.

BY LOUIS BROMFIELD

AUTHOR OF THE RAINS CAME, NIGHT IN BOMBAY, ETC.

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS' attempt at an Indian "settlement" has failed. But the story is far from finished. It has, indeed, scarcely begun. By the time this article reaches the presses India may have been invaded by Japan, or the small forces in Burma may have succeeded in keeping Jap armies at arm's length. But still the story will not have been finished. Invading India means nothing. Like Russia and China, India has been invaded many times; and each time the invaders have lost the battle by themselves becoming Indians.

What we must understand first of all is that India is an immense country with a huge population and great undeveloped natural resources; that it is a religious country, and lately swept by a great wave of nationalist feeling. I think it necessary, as well, to understand that the failure of negotiations between Sir Stafford Cripps and the Indians is only a part of a greater event: the change and revolution which is going on simultaneously with the war inside the British Empire. I doubt that any one, even the blackest Tory, believes that the British Empire will be unchanged when the war is finished. It is possible even that the Empire will change its character beneath our very eyes, and become, instead of an empire dominated by financial London, a loosely united federation of sister nations of which England is a part.

It is not possible, I think, to blame the British for the failure of the negotiations. Nor is it possible to blame the Indians, with the incredibly complicated problems and factions which make unity of action very nearly impossible. If there is any blame to be fixed, it is upon the unwisdom of the British in the past—that they delayed year after year, decade after decade, to reach a workable and peaceful settlement of the immense Indian problem. They waited until the moment of crisis, when there was no time to solve the most complicated problem ever faced by any two nations.

Disappointing as the failure of Sir Stafford Cripps' mission appears to be on the surface, its complete success would not have altered the immediate situation, nor have halted the peril of the moment. India would still have been divided and disorganized without arms or any other means of making adequate resistance to invaders. India as a nation is awakening, but she is still in the middle of the process, still confused and dreamy and unprepared for action. The burden of India's defense is still a British burden. It does not matter whether India has slavery, compromise, dominion status, or freedom. It must be remembered, in judging India, that England chose the role of defender along with that of exploiter. England chose to keep India a weak nation, unprepared for defense and without unity or military organization. That has always been the policy of the Tory party, and, ironically enough, perhaps the most bitter opponent of greater freedom for India has always been Winston Churchill himself.

The success of Sir Stafford Cripps' mission would not have altered very much the immediate situation of peril. Its failure, however, is of great importance in the future of British-Indian-world relations. It has disappointed many millions of people and will make the next attempt at a settlement more difficult. It has certainly not brought India and Great Britain closer to each other. What concerns us as Americans is the effect of India's awakening upon our own future, and the possibility that Japan, for a time at least, may gain possession of the whole of this rich and overpopulated subcontinent. More than that, those of us who try to think a little way ahead are made aware of a startling possibility—that if this war ends in defeat or compromise for the United Nations or even if it continues until the so-called white races are exhausted, this world will belong to the East—to India and to China and Japan and Russia.

As we have read how one after another of the Eastern colonies have fallen, it has become clear to us how little any of us, even our own State Department, knows of what has been going on beneath the surface for a long time. We discover that among the Malays of the Peninsula there were thousands of fifth columnists; that the Burmese turned upon the British and aided the Japanese invaders; that the millions of Javanese have been of little use in defending their island against less than a hundred thousand invaders; that, conversely, the Filipinos, because their relationship toward ourselves is on a nonimperial basis, are fighting valiantly side by side with American boys from Ohio, California, and Maine.

And now India, threatened like the

Racial differences make Indian unity difficult. Here are types from various parts of India. From left: A man of W

THE MYSTERY OF INDIA *by Louis Bromfield*

others, suddenly leaps into the news, and again we are confronted by an ignorance of what India *is*. Even Englishmen, except for an infinitesimal minority, know very little about it. You hear them, like our own Americans, speak loosely of India as if it were a nation, and of Indians as if they were all alike, as Englishmen or Americans or Germans are alike. It is exactly as if we referred casually to all Europeans as Frenchmen or Italians. The difference between a Pathan in the north of India and a Tamil in the south is infinitely greater by race, by blood, by tradition, by political instinct than the difference between an Italian and a Swede. Indians are far less a united race, a united people of common ancestry and civilization, than are Europeans.

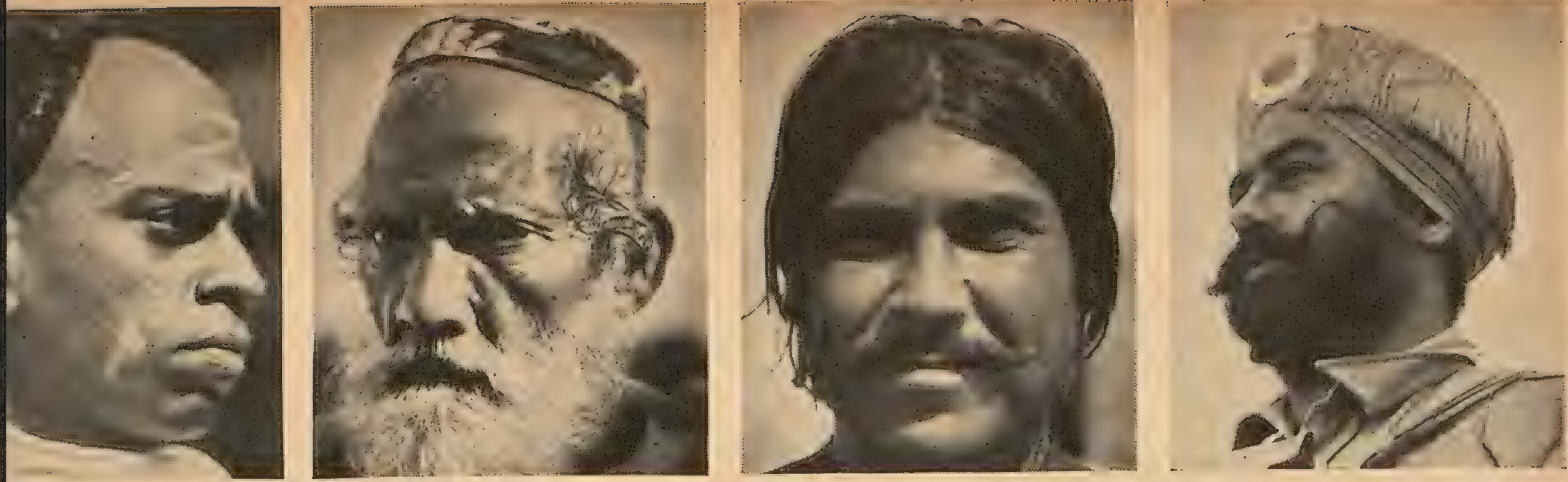
More than half as large as the United States, India has a population of 330,000,000 people as against our own population of 130,000,000. Politically, it is divided about half and half between the area known as British India, which in the past was under direct British control, and the area known as the Indian States. These states, existing in quasi-independence, are about 300 in number and range in size from areas of a few hundred square miles to that of Hyderabad, which is about seven times as large as Belgium. Each of these states has a separate treaty arrangement with the British government. Nor is British India one solid unit; it is scattered in among the Indian states, joining at certain places, separated at others. Most of these states are Hindu states, although there is a considerable number governed by Mohammedan rulers and several Sikh states. In no case is the population of a Hindu state 100 per cent Hindu, nor a Mohammedan state 100 per cent Mohammedan. The population belonging to these two principal religions in India is scattered and intermingled both in British India and the Indian States.

In addition to these political complications, there are great racial and language complications. Although there has never been fixed authoritatively the number of languages and races and racial subdivisions, perhaps the nearest accurate figure is that of fifteen races and racial subdivisions and twenty-seven languages. This does not include scores of dialects. Over all these languages, however, there exists a sort of common *lingua franca*, or Esperanto, called commonly Hindustani or by the Indians themselves Urdu. It is the language of business and of national politics. Since the eighteenth century the English language has come more and more into use as a medium for conducting business and political affairs. But the proportion of Indians who speak one of the common languages or even another tongue than their own is extremely small. So is the proportion of literacy among the 330,000,000 people who make up the population of India.

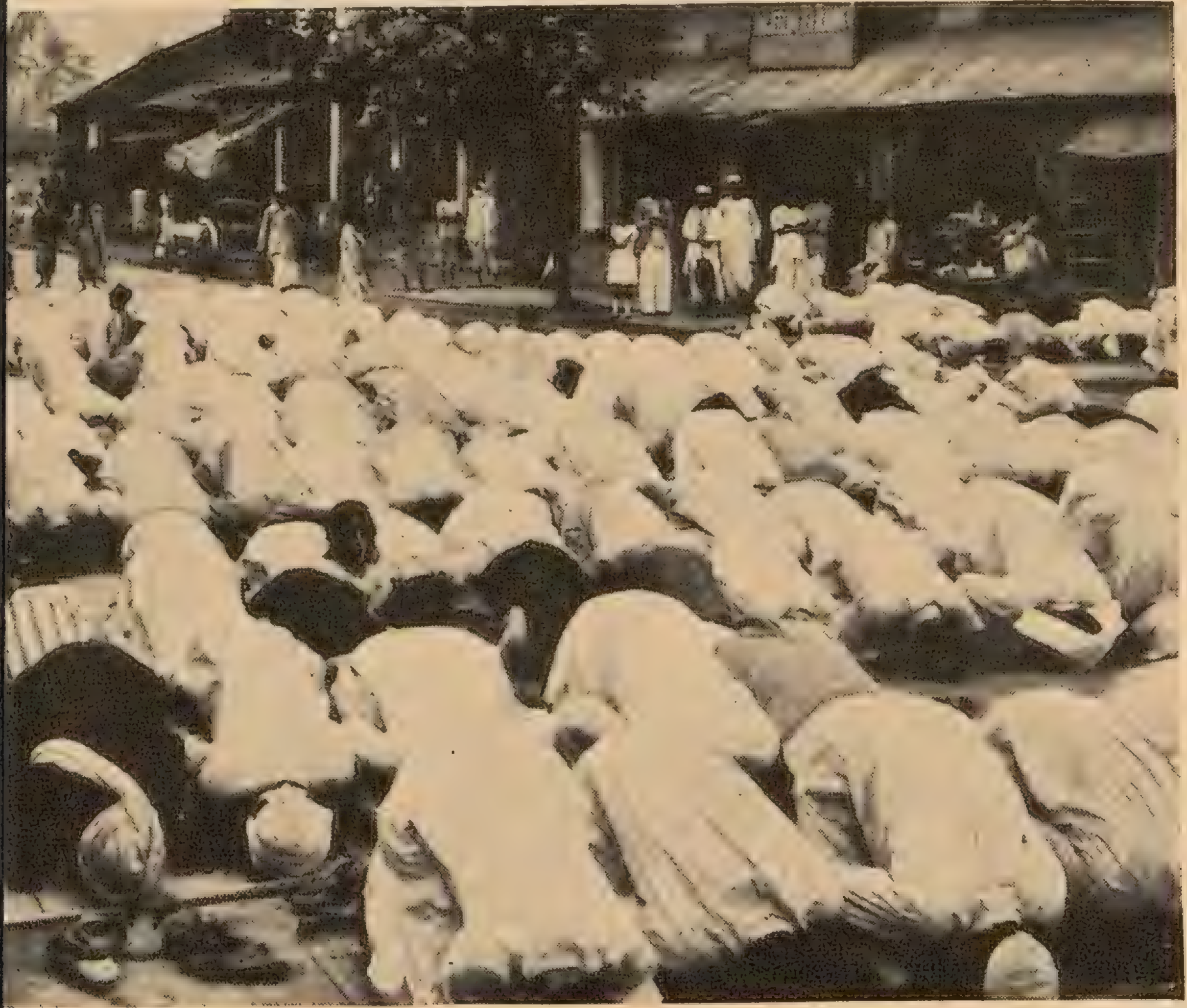
India is largely an agricultural country in which something more than 80 per cent of the population live on farms, in villages, or in small towns. Many of them are in remote areas where such things as reading and writing are unheard of, and even such concepts as liberty, freedom, or the British Empire are unknown. Beyond and below this population there is another consisting of primitive peoples, hill dwellers and jungle people who are totally illiterate and in an elemental stage of civilization, whose religions are diverse, primitive, and on a level with witch cults.

The aspect of the disorders arising out of religious differences is perhaps better known to the average European or American than any other of India's many difficulties. Actually, the religious background of the picture is less complicated than it appears to be. Approximate estimates show that out of 330,000,000 people approximately 70,000,000 to 80,000,000 are Mohammedan in faith. In addition there are approximately 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 Sikhs, 2,000,000 Jains, 2,000,000 Buddhists (mostly in Ceylon), and an approximate and growing number of Christians. The Parsees number about 1,500,000. In addition there is the undetermined population of followers of primitive religions which approximates perhaps 5,000,000

Thin, fasting Mahatma Gandhi, whether saint or politician or charlatan, has been responsible more than any other for building up a feeling of national unity and pride in India.



edan beggar; Khyber Pass tribesman; fakir; Brahman priest; Malabar Coast man; Northern Province Indian; Sikh.



Mohammedans, facing toward Mecca, lie in the streets of Calcutta to pray after a fast.

A group of elaborate Hindu temples

priest of southern India,
ecked with rare jewels.

These priests receive pay
for mourning the dead.

At the Khumb Mela Festival in Delhi, pilgrims pick up
the dust which touched the "holy" feet of the sadhus.

The King of Nepal, rich Indian ruler, and his prime minister on a royal elephant.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Hindu statesman who, with Mahatma Gandhi, formed the Congress Party which has worked for years for the independence of India through dominion status, is leader of the All-India Congress Committee which played an important part in the recent negotiations between India and Britain.

The Nizam of Hyderabad in his throne room

THE MYSTERY OF INDIA *by Louis Bromfield*

or 6,000,000 people. The rest of the Indian population is Hindu.

The Hindu faith might be said to be a feminine faith, soft and amorphous and absorbing whatever obstacle it encounters, a religion which ignores all heresy because it has no rules. In a similar fashion it could be said that Islam, the Mohammedan faith, is masculine. It is a militant religion, with very definite rules, with an immense impulse toward converting outsiders, a clean-cut faith without doubts. The characters of the two religions are almost diametrically opposed, and their difference lies at the surface of the greatest religious antagonism of India. The root of this antagonism is, however, more political than religious. Its real origin lies in the fact that the Mohammedans are outnumbered about 220,000 to 70,000.

Mere census figures, however, do not give a true picture of the situation. The Mohammedans are better organized, more aggressive, more political-minded, and more vital than the vast majority of the Hindus. Their political importance is out of all scale with their numbers. The Mohammedans have both suffered and benefited by having shrewd political-minded leaders, capable of bargaining by throwing their weight sometimes with the Hindus against the British administration, sometimes with the British against the Hindus.

Outside all these religious groups stands the huge number of so-called Untouchables. If these have any religious beliefs or practices whatever, they are cults which are largely debased offsprings of Hinduism, full of tabus and image worship. But the Untouchables and their leaders do not seek recognition as Hindus; they seek recognition of their political, civic, and economic rights.

☆

THESE statistics represent a mass of complications, political, religious, racial, and geographical, far greater than are encountered by the spectacle of the whole of Europe, or in any other large geographical unit such as Russia or the United States. India, it must be remembered, is not only a problem to Great Britain; it is a problem to India itself. I think no Indian will deny this statement. The attitude of the average liberal and radical Indian is simply that India has a right to solve her own problems, without intervention and political intrigue imposed by an outside nation.

The mere superficial statement of facts and statistics such as is given above would lead the reader to believe that the complications and vastness of the problem make any solution of it in the future a hopeless task. Statistics very often give a false picture of a situation, and nowhere is this truer than in the case of India.

The reasons for this are many and varied and most of them come within the realm of the intangible and the imponderable. Greatest of all is a great wave of national feeling like that which, within our time, has swept over China. The awakening of India, like the awakening of China, is a tremendous spectacle.

Whatever the achievements or failures of Gandhi may be, whether he is saint or politician or charlatan, he will be given credit by history for one stupendous accomplishment, and that is the creation of a national united and patriotic feeling among the Indian people. After centuries of division, of submission, of darkness, Gandhi managed to restore to the Indian his sense of pride and to create a desire to pull together with his fellow Indians toward independence and the realization of the modern Indian dream. This dream moves and grows in a strange, almost mystical fashion. It is not only the liberal, educated, politically conscious minority element of India which is aware of aspirations for a strong, united, unified India. The low-caste Indian, the isolated farmer and villager, the Untouchable without caste, is aware of this national feeling. Sometimes he knows it without knowing that he knows it. It has become intangibly a part of his daily life.

Young India is playing a great part in this awakening. It is the young Indian who is seeking education for himself and his neighbors; it is the young Indian who is helping to break down the system of castes which has done so much to keep the old India

A street in Delhi, the capital of Delhi Province and of British India.

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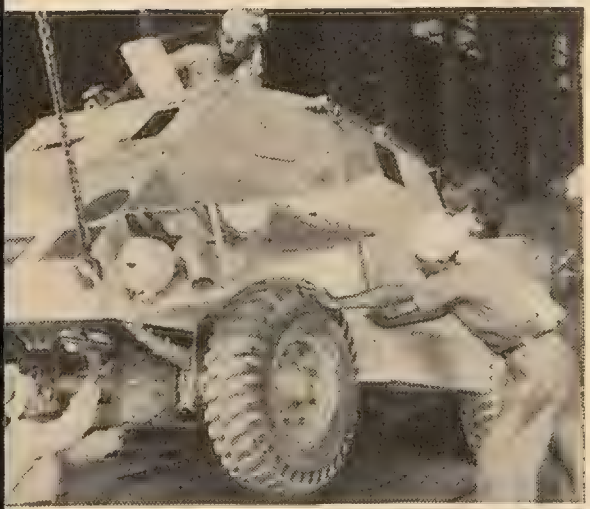


ecting an armored car at an Indian plant.

Bombay's biggest textile mill proves India's ability to organize industry.

wrapped in slumber and indifference. It is the young Indian who seeks to restore the Hindu faith to its original purity and power and cleanse it of the disintegration which has weakened the religion and corrupted the people of India. He is out to wipe out the malaria which cursed India as it cursed the Roman Empire. He is for seeing to it that every man, woman, and child has enough to eat in a country where for centuries millions of people have lived and died without ever having had enough to eat. The speed of the awakening in India has been going on now for years at an unbelievable pace.

The expression "the wealth of the Indies" has become a synonym in our language for fabulous wealth and splendor, and, like most commonplaces, it is rooted in fact. I have heard it said that for every pound sterling invested in India, British capitalists have taken over 500,000 pounds. I do not believe this figure to be exaggerated. In recent years the revenue of the British Empire from India has been declining rapidly, largely owing to the determination of the new India to become self-sufficient. The decline of the cotton industry in England is a result of two elements—the Japanese competition and the determination of India to supply its own cotton. The Indian is capable of organizing the industrial development of his own country; he has proven this in the cotton and steel industries, as well as in many other smaller ones. There are vast untouched treasures in natural resources which have never been properly exploited, some of them because their development was contrary to British investors' interests.

The unwisdom of the British in India and the evil results of it may be attributed not to the British people as a whole but to two elements among them, notably the British capitalist and member of the privileged class, and secondly to the prejudices and shortsightedness of the English civil-servant and banker-merchant class living in India itself. The first group —those Tories of the British Empire who are doomed if not already dead— had only one purpose, the exploitation of India as a market for British manufactured products and as a reservoir of raw materials to supply British factories and load British ships. The second group, largely limited, snobbish and second-rate, were full of pretense which alienated the best elements of the Indian people, stupidly and persistently. In Bombay there is a yacht club to which the most distinguished Indian is refused admittance. On the one occasion I entered it, I found it filled with as fine a collection of limited, prejudiced, second- and third-rate individuals as I shall ever hope not to meet for the rest of my existence. An Indian once said to me, "India has been lost to the British Empire because inferior Englishmen would not have a cup of tea with their Indian superiors." The truth in that statement echoes among the Malays who turned fifth columnists and the Burmese who went over to Japan.

There have been able and intelligent British administrators in India, and there have been Britishers who loved India and gave all their lives to the welfare of the Indian people. There are Britishers who are loved by the Indian people. But nearly always there have been individualists who rarely represented a general policy. The Indian problem is one of the world's great tragedies principally because it need not have been a tragedy. It is possible that it will become an even greater tragedy, not only to Great Britain and India herself, but to the whole of the West.

One thing, I believe, is in the cards —a new status for India that very nearly approaches independence, if not total independence. It seems to me that four things can happen: dominion status within the British Empire; absolute independence; independence within the zone of Russian influence; or, worst of all, a subject slave status under the Japanese in case of the defeat of the United Nations. If I were asked to state my own guess as to the future—and it is as good as any one's —it would be an independent India within the zone of Russian influence.

India and Russia and the whole of the East may within a few short years become of far more importance in the lives and destinies of Americans in Peoria and Des Moines and Mobile and San Francisco and New York than Europe has ever been. It is a good time for Americans to begin understanding the East.

THE END

MICKEY AND THE MOUSE

BY STANLEY PAUL

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

☆ ORDINARILY a rush of business didn't fuss Mickey Denler one little bit—not even during the frenzied four-to-five hour when half the summer colony, it seemed, pink-kissed over deep tan and light tan and all squint-eyed from a blazing Cape Cod sun, came trooping in from the platinum beach strip wanting tall, cold, sweet things very fast.

From behind the soda bar of Parkin's Pharmacy, Mickey would dish 'em out fast, sling 'em, toss 'em, slide 'em, and never, never spill a drop. His russet brush haircut went abobbing over syrup pumps and wells and taps as he squirted out goo, drew soda water, set out brimming Cherry Annes.

It was "Yes, sir! GI-yunt malted! Yes, *sir!* Comin' right up!"

Besides, nineteen out of twenty were his pals, casual or real, and from at least half of these he needed no instructions—he knew just what their confected weaknesses were—they usually got it mixed to a T and waiting before they'd hardly even perched.

Mr. Parkin, at the end of Mickey's first month of employment, had completely and somewhat surprisedly relaxed and retired to the spot loved most by all true pharmacists—mortar and pestle and the little grilled window marked PRESCRIP. Dispensing anything else was up to Mickey, which, at rare times, was just as well—times when the possible twentieth person who was not a pal of Mickey might come in. Then there'd be some adroit verbal fencing, with the customer not always being right.

Concerning this job, Mickey had an agreement with his father. Mr. Denler was duplicating his wages in a bonus to be paid at summer's end. That would set Mickey up katish by the time September came around and college. Mickey could carry a warm social torch in his sophomore year at Brown.

At this particular moment, however, Mickey was slipping badly. His dispensing speed was not up to par—in fact it had bogged way down: his thumb was jammed in the chocolate syrup pump and he'd broken a bulgy balloon glass, strictly because of a lady—new, lovely, and *alone*—who'd come gliding in through the swinging screens to approach and mount a stool, giving that inanimate object all the fascination of a barren stalk suddenly bursting into sweet-petaled glorious bloom. Giving also, to Mickey Denler, a violent bang in the depths of his chest.

She was the rare type of genuine blonde that the Haddan Harbor sun always dealt with very kindly: none of your lobster-just-out-of-the-pot look—uh-uh! Just a creamy light tan, a rare and delicate job of coloring such as might be seen on a Parker House roll. Her hair completed the illusion of something good to eat by being the shade of fresh country butter deftly patted by a craftsman into undulant gleaming waves; while her eyes were as clear and mellow as Mickey's best butterscotch sauce.

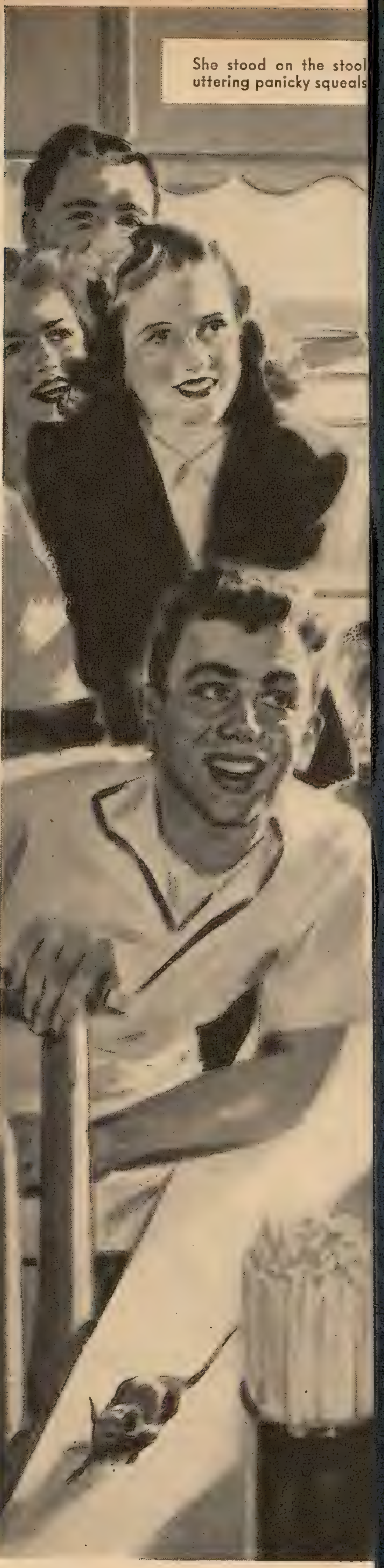
She ordered what she wanted with languor. Mickey made instant rejoinder: "Yes, ma'am! Grape bubble punch. Grape bubble punch coming up!" Then he set out a nice glass of ice water and set out a very nice smile. As far as her reception of the smile was concerned Mickey might have set it outside.

But Mickey wasn't discouraged. For these reservists he had a technique. And when they were absolutely avenue, like this one, the trick was to get in there, brother, and work fast: Start building leafy trellises of tender conversation, for later on there'd be a moon.

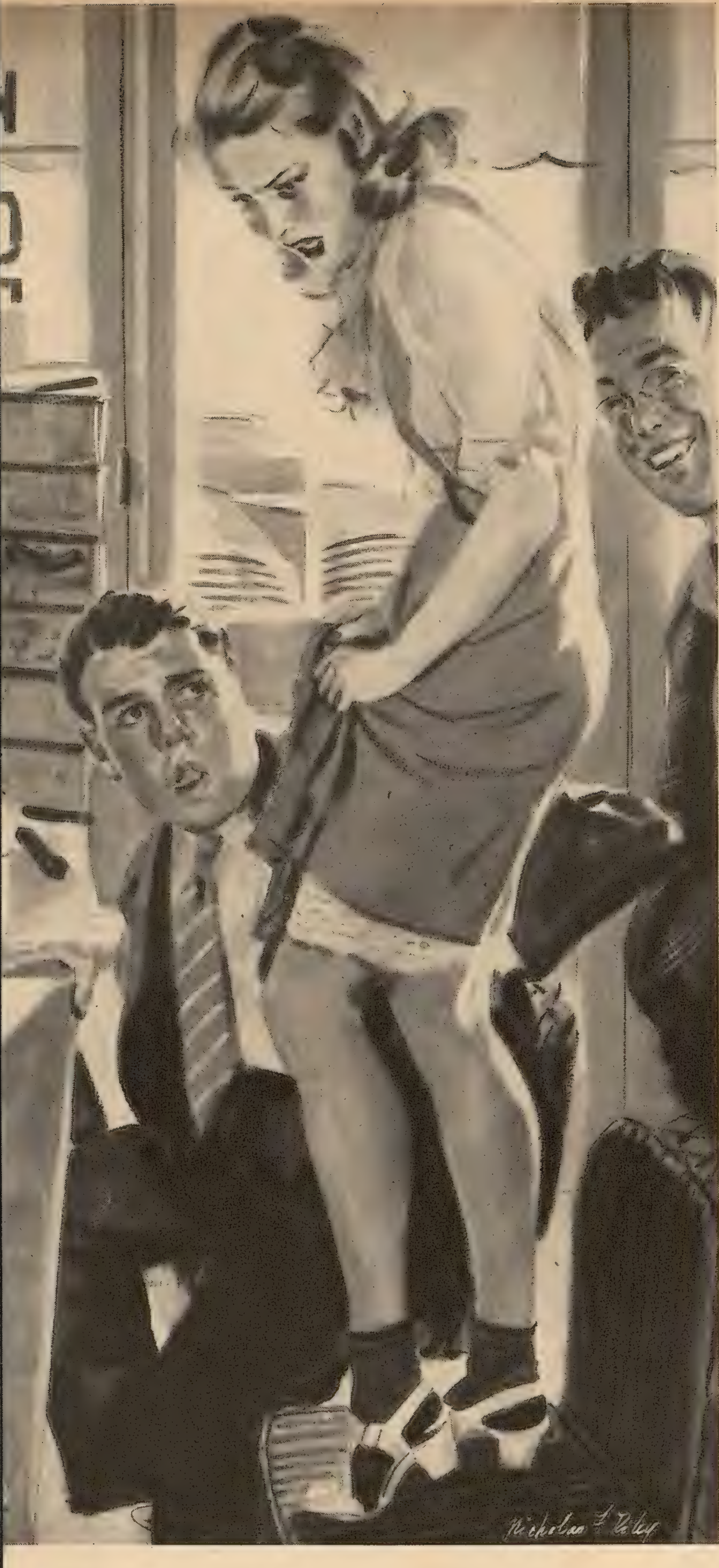
He asked, as he topped the grape bubble punch with a creamy ripple of froth, "Aren't you a stranger in town?"

The soft round shape of her shoul-

ILLUSTRATED BY NICHOLAS F. RILEY



She stood on the stool uttering panicky squeals



ders shrugged. "Apparently not. Will this cost me extra?"

"Will what cost you extra?"

"This inquiring examination of yours?"

Oh-oh! Slow down. And drift with the stream. "Is that grape bubble punch all right?"

"Fifteen people seem to be wanting you." Her eyes were as cool as her drink.

"Be right back, Ma'am." Mickey managed it, too, after throwing out countless requests for this and that with double scoops and marshmallow, please, on the top.

He said, "Would you like some more ice water?" with a grin from the old top drawer of the Denler personality cabinet. But even the grin didn't work. She merely shook that lovely buttercup head and went on sipping through the straw with two of the most delicately compressed and sweet-looking lips that Mickey had ever seen. He thought of them compressing for something else, and swallowed a fifteen-cent lump of warm air.

And then—just to glue up the passing parade—he saw Candy Francis outside. Candy was in that unreasonable new roadster of his that glittered like young love's own dream. Not that Mickey wasn't appreciative of good rolling stock, but there were limits, if you knew what he meant. Was it absolutely necessary, he'd ask you, that a power plant approximating the vigor of a hundred horses be necessary to pull one fellow around? Even a guy as big as Candy Francis? No, sir. Absolutely not! Too, Candy was a number twenty on Mickey's list of good pals.

Candy came in. Or rather, the drugstore bulged and engulfed him. But for all this weight, Candy had a quick eye, and right off he spotted the blonde. He derricked himself up and boomed himself in, to perch on the very next stool.

"Hi, Mickey," he said, far too cordially. "I'll have a—"

"*I* know. Double banana supreme with fudge, butterscotch, and mashed strawberries."

"Huh-uh. I just want a coke."

"Why, Candy, whatever is the matter?" Mickey was lightsome in tone. "You taking your calorie trade away? I'll bet you've been giving the sundaes at Petty's Drug a time. What have they? Bigger and better scoops? Whyn't you come to me, pal? I'll keep the old poundage up."

Candy said again, and quite coldly now, "All I want from you is a coke."

"Yes, *sir!* And you're getting it." Mickey managed to slosh some on Candy's flanneled knee. "Sorry, pal, but *you're* hard to miss."

Candy began to expand. His voice became quite loud enough to ensure that the blonde vision heard. He said, "I've had the Baywitch tuned for the summer. She's stepping at thirty knots."

"Baywitch, ma'am, would be his speedcraft. That remark was intended for you. By and large, by a very large guy. Right there, ma'am, on your left. His name is Candy Francis. They're going to call him in sections for the draft."

The clear brown eyes came coldly to Mickey's once more; afterward, all the same, he saw them slide sideways to covertly study this lad who owned speedboats, who'd arrived in such a knockout of a car.

"Well . . ." rumbled Candy, with a fat wide smile.

Something would have to be done. And quickly. Before she was forever lost to the charms of the filthy rich. Mickey would have to use Peter. Peter was Mickey's trained mouse.

He glanced warily toward Mr. Parkin to be sure that his employer was busy with trade, then drifted down toward the sandwich toaster and lifted the lid of a small wooden box which he had concealed behind some counter salvage. Candy's voice was following him along: "You going to the first dance at the Driftwood Club tomorrow night, Mickey? Hear they're having the Hot Spot Band. I don't suppose that you can get off. Well, *I'll* be going, of course—"

Mickey was paying no attention; his hand had lifted the drop lid and was exploring the straw in the box. "Whs-s-st, Pete! Crawl in the clutch. You've got a workout coming up."

He felt a small furry body track into the depths of his palm. It nestled itself very snugly. This was old stuff for Peter by now. They pulled it off at least twice a week, and afterward, always, some cheese.

Concealing Peter in an engulfing clasp, Mickey walked back toward the blonde. It was one of those gestures of anxious service by a host who most wanted to please: friendly manner of leaning forward, hands outspread on the bar, cordial smile, voice unctuous: "Is there anything else that you'd like?" at the same time unfolding his fingers and letting Pete get away.

Peter broke from the barrier at a gallop. Peter knew the way home. He streaked across the marble with all the speed of a short-money horse. Mickey saw brown eyes go wide with terror and the lady scrambled for altitude just as he'd known that she would. She stood on the stool, uttering panicky squeals, skirt drawn tight on round knees.

Candy, the dope, went after the mouse, making a vicious swipe. That didn't worry Mickey a bit: Pete was good at broken field running and had flashed by far faster men. By now he'd be safe in the haven of his box. Mickey went quickly around the fountain's end to the girl.

There is nothing quite so reassuring to a blonde in a panic as outheld strong masculine arms. They were reassuring to this one. She permitted herself surrender and a gentle lowering to the floor.

"Upsy-daisy!" said Mickey. "And no charge for the drink, of course. So very sorry," he added, and set her tenderly down.

For a long moment there he thought she'd say, "*Thank* you!" or something personal of that sort. But Candy Francis spoiled it. Candy came hurrying back, all a-pant with pursuing valor. "Almost got him," he said. "But the darned little—" Then he interrupted himself with a fatuous attempt at gallantry and a smile that, to Mickey, seemed a smirk. "Look here, little lady"—little lady!—"you've just had an upsetting experience. Now, look here, there's my car just outside. Now, look here, if you wouldn't be offended at the suggestion, why, you'd better let me drive you home."

To Mickey, Candy sounded like dialogue from a ham Western movie, but the lady "look here'd" all right.

She hesitated for an appropriate moment; then: "Thank you," she very sweetly said. "I really think I'll let you. I really do feel—well, weak."

Mickey felt weak, just listening, but he said in a most resigned way, "O. K., big-game hunter. Go home from the hill. But first I want a nickel for your drink."

He watched Candy solicitously lead her carward, heard him say in a confident voice, "I'm Richard Francis; just call me Candy. Most every one does around here. . . ."

Mr. Parkin came hurrying over. "What was all that fuss-up about?"

"Nothing, Mr. Parkin. Just that gol-durn mouse. I'll set the trap again for it tonight."

Then: "Mickey! Oh, Mickey!" From the fountain in a familiar and reedy thin voice. He turned. It was little Squigs Hanlon. Mickey walked back to his post. Squigs was some two years younger than himself, which, in terms of Mickey's relativity, made her a whole generation removed.

Squigs had a nuisance value of about a quarter: he could use her at times to carry messages, or report on whose girl was currently whose. She sat there, bright-eyed and merry-mouthed, an expectant smile on her face, brown like a Mashpee Indian, lithe, firm-bodied, lean, with just the merest hint of sweet femininity promised in faintly lined curves. But a woman now, with a woman's wiles.

"Well, what do *you* want?" he asked, a resistant frown on his face.

"Well, look, Mickey . . ." Squigs began.

"*I* know. Would I cuff you for another? That'd make three, this week!"

"Aw, Mickey! Break down! Be big like a bank! Allowance's tomorrow night. I always pay off on allowance."

"You pay whenever you're caught."

"Mickey!"

"Well, be sure you *do*, now. O. K., so what'll it be?"

"Oh, a big black-and-whiter with lots of splash. Aw, Mickey, you're *wonderful!* Thanks! Say, did you see the new pink-and-pale with Candy Francis?"

"She's not pink-and— Yes, I saw her, all right," Mickey said somewhat dourly.

"Well," said Squigs between gulps, and Squigs always seemed to *know*, "her name's Melody Faxon, and they've taken the Hathaway house."

Melody Faxon! Mickey leaned back. What a slick-jick-trick of a name! Melody Faxon. He liked that. Enough so he closed his eyes and tried out a line: "Ah, Melody—Melody, sweet!"

Pretty good that. Like Taylor. Or even Cooper, if Mickey had height. Squigs was watching his moving but silent lips with suspicion.

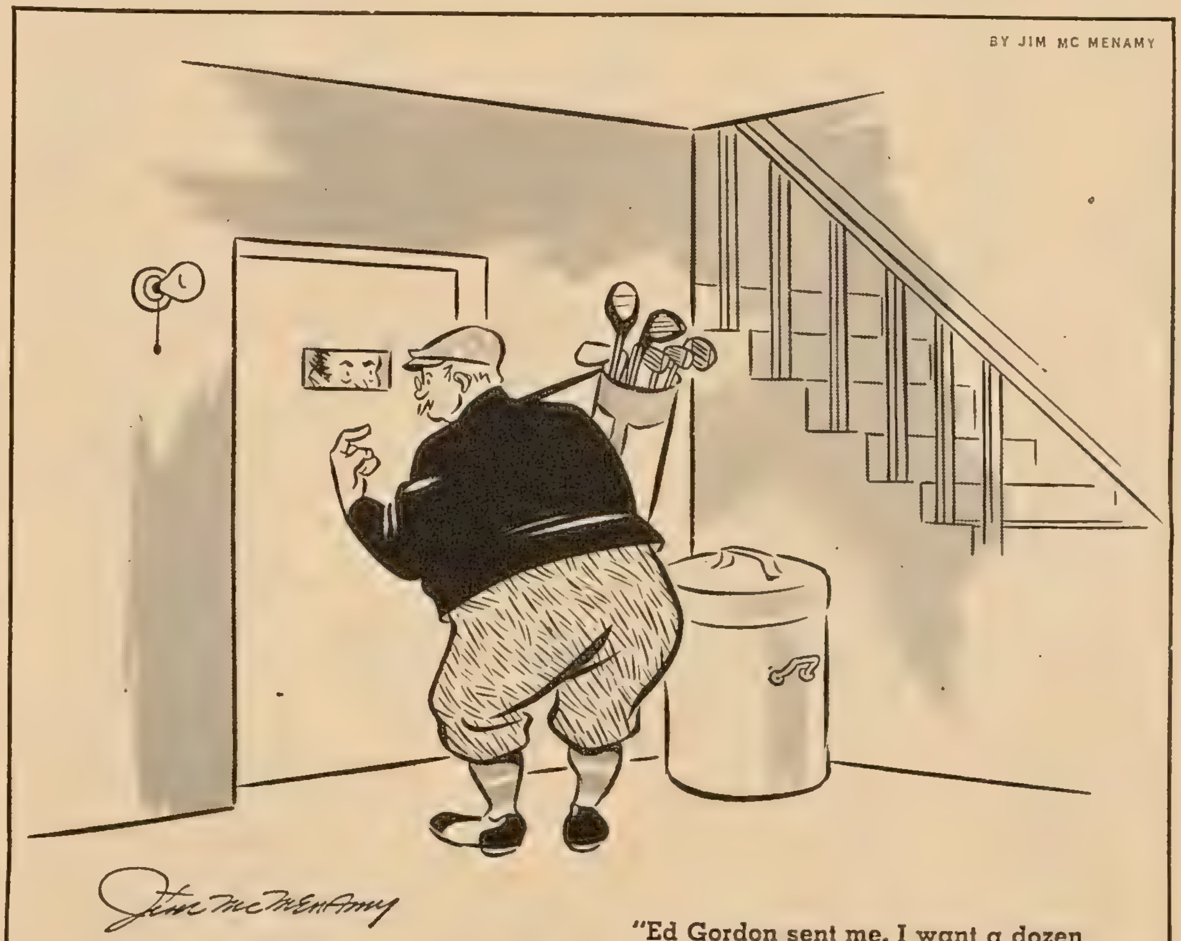
"Say!" she finally exclaimed. "This didn't happen last year until *August*. Why, Mickey, you're softening up!"

His eyes flared open. "What didn't happen?" he asked.

"This annual act of yours—*love!*"

"Love!" repeated Mickey. "I'm disgusted! Gobble that soda and shut up."

Although Mickey had been warned



"Ed Gordon sent me. I want a dozen golf balls."

by his father that the Parkin Pharmacy job meant the sacrifice of more than just sweat, he'd said he guessed he could make them when the time came—like giving up afternoons lazing on the beach; and besides, he'd thought, what the heck, he had one night a week off, didn't he? And wasn't that quite enough for fun?

But the following night, when the Driftwood Club held its first dance, Mickey began to get the idea. It felt awful, really, like being homesick, knowing that his pals and all their gals were taking it big down the beach a bit to the stuff of the Hot Spot Band.

The Square itself was dead and so was business, until the intermission bunch came barging in. Then there was a surge of activity that took Mickey's mind away from his woes.

It was: "Yes, sir!" again; and "Coming up, miss!" and "Hi, pal. What'll it be?" But Fate was withholding the big sock and didn't throw it until Candy Francis came rolling in. Candy was beaming all over with high-powered amperage, for Melody Faxon was draped exotically upon his arm.

Had Mickey said she was very avenue? Brother, it wasn't enough. In her slim dance frock of misty tulle the lady was a dilly—nothing less.

"Hi there, Mickey," boomed Candy. "Any rodents around except you?" Then: "Haw! Haw! Haw!" inanely, in vast self-appreciation of his wit.

Mickey felt too sunk for much rejoinder. "Hello, Immense. What'll it be?"

He took their orders and filled them and attempted to completely lose himself in work, tried hard not to look too long, nor too longingly, upon that heavenly heart-shaped face. When they left, part of Mickey followed them to the sidewalk and watched them climb back in the car, and then, as they tore off in the summer night, lay down on the curbstone and died.

* * *

BUSINESS went slack and Mr. Parkin began those final small tasks at the register drawers and the windows that meant soon they'd be closing for the night.

Mickey dried his glasses to a sparkle and got the dishes washed and all stacked and began scouring the fountain.

Then: "Ps-sst, Mickey!" in that reedy voice. It was pert Squigs Hanlon again. Squigs was decked out in dance stuff too, but where one lady drifted dreamily in tulle, this one was stiff and crisp in Swiss. Oh, not too stinko, considering her age, but you know—rather Girl Guide.

"Now, listen, Squigs," Mickey said to her. "Your cuff here is written to the edge."

"Who said I wanted anything?" Squigs asked him. "I came in to pay off. Here, Simon." She tossed sixty cents out.

"Well, that's different," said Mickey, somewhat abashed. "But why aren't you out at Driftwood, popping around in the prep-school league?"

"I was," Squigs shrugged her shoulders and sighed. "But, honest, a prep-school kid is just two sunburned ears on each side of a skull that looks naked and covered with knobs. I don't want 'em. I want a smoothie—like you. That's why I drove in here, Mickey. I've got the family hack."

"You and I stepping out? That's a good one."

"It could be," Squigs quickly said.

BY HAGGLUND
Hagglund

"Well, there goes our lunch!"

"I mean for you, because my way's all paid and you'll only have to pay admission for yourself. Don't tell me I don't know how to treat *my* men. What time will you be getting off?"

"Listen, Sixteen and Sickening, I'm not going to any dance."

"Come on now," Squigs prompted, "be honest. What you *really* want to do is suffer *good*. At least, by going you'll know for certain whether Candy's making time with her or not. If you don't go, you'll wonder and toss in your bed, and toss and toss."

"O. K., pal. Now toss yourself out of here." Mickey paused in his work; his eyes and his voice became ruminative. "Besides, my tux isn't pressed."

"But it is," said Squigs very blandly.

"What do you mean?" Mickey asked.

"On the way in I stopped by your house. I told your mother you might be going, and she said she'd press it and lay your things out."

"Well, I'll be— Gee, you've got a nerve, Squigs!"

"Haven't I, though?" Squigs agreed. "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Parkin! Good evening. Your slave here is stepping me out. What time will you allow him to cast his bonds?"

Mr. Parkin gave her a smiling glance. "Run along, Mickey. I'll finish up."

"Thanks, sir," said Mickey, who didn't run. But he walked along and sort of let himself be led and driven at last to his own house, where Squigs parked and said, "Hurry! I'll wait."

Mickey's things were laid out as she'd said they'd be. He tore through a shower bath and adorned himself with a turn-down ivory shirt, his tuxedo trousers, cream-colored coat, and black tie. He whisked a towel across his shoes and drew a comb through his hair, and waited an appropriate minute for his spirits to take their first bounce. Usually, when he was ready and turned out like this, he experienced a preliminary lift. Not tonight, though. The old morale stayed soft and curled itself right up inside.

Aw, he thought, he was positively nuts to go out to the Driftwood with Squigs. "Babies, Just Babies," they'd crack at him, stringing along with such a *kid*. It wasn't going to be any fun. Squigs was right. He just wanted to suffer, that was all.

* * *

AND it turned out to be just that way. When you danced with Squigs there wasn't whuff; no magic crept up and enfolded you and let you drift to the soft music strain.

All you did was sort of make your legs go, and said, "Hi," when your friends drifted by, and passed out some imitation smiling, with your spirits like a shadow on the floor. You went round and round, looking for a lady who somehow failed to appear.

Squigs eventually complained about his style. "This is like dancing with grandfather's portrait—the one that shows his wooden leg."

Mickey gave her an old man's smile and went on grinding out the steps. Then he saw Melody Faxon at long, long last and his spirits hit a new low. She looked tops, dancing by with Candy, and Candy hardly set a lady off. When he danced, it wasn't to advantage: he Mack-trucked himself all around.

How *could* she enjoy it? Mickey wondered, as her eyes swung up and met his own. For a moment there, he thought he detected surprise but no hint of an answering smile.

"Stop quivering, Dobbin," Squigs said to him. "What's coming down the wind, pal, some smoke?"

Mickey stumbled. "I'll excuse you," he said with his eyes on some vanishing tulle.

The dance went into its final hour, with Mickey behaving for all the world as if this were also *his* last hour with a choice between gas, gun, or rope, when suddenly—quite without warning—the party got all hotted up.

It was one of those instances of spontaneity that has been happening all through this land since a man named Goodman raised a clarinet and let unbridled wailing come out.

In this case it was the trumpet that broke from the trace and began to climb for high notes. In a moment the skins were in a rumble and the piano began to go wack.

The Hot Spot leader shook his trombone. "Calling all cats!" in a shout.

The tempo lifted, the music blared, the Hot Spot Band began a ride. The timid retired to the side lines, letting the jungle bunch have the floor.

Mickey was all for dropping out

too. "Come on, Squigs," he said. "No wood carving now. I'm not in a wood-carving mood."

"Oh, *aren't* you?" Squigs mocked. "Well, *I* am! Brother, you belong to *me!*"

Well, he was out there and he had to stay and take it, and, believe him, taking was pretty tough: this bit of femininity named Squigs Hanlon blew up like gunpowder in his hands and began to pop all over the shop. He really didn't do much himself. Just give her a brace on a dickty-doo step, and a hand catch on right and left whirls—take her for a dip, and throw her back out and fake the rhythm himself.

The crowd began to pick favorites and break out in appreciative applause. It was while Squigs was getting ready to pulp herself that Mickey found Melody Faxon's interested eyes. Melody, of course, wasn't in this: Candy could never go the pace.

Mickey saw her turn and ask a question of the girl at her side; then her lovely glance came his way once again.

Mickey began to contribute. Bugging was old stuff to him. It belonged back in his high-school days, the exclusive property of kids. He'd discarded it in favor of smoother work. But if Melody Faxon really liked it, he could turn back a page in his life.

The brass section was beating out thunderous clamor and the wood winds were crying it down. "*Yeeeeeee-how!*" went Mickey, and began to knock on the door. Now he was in there, beating it up and smiling right down in Squigs' face. "Come on in, sister!" he challenged. "You're bashful. Let yourself go!"

After that it was just a private riot staged by Mr. Denler and girl. They went up for big apples and trucked on down to fill the big basket up. They went jungle for an order of voodoo stomp, while the piano woogied them on. And then a straight-out session of floor-whacking, beam-shaking, shoe-bruising steps.

The crowd, all of it, was theirs now. The band leader dropped his horn and grinned. He served hot dishes and laced them with piercing notes of pure jive.

Mickey's legs were scissoring; so were Squigs' legs. They were hitting their fastest pace. They whirled, arms flailing, and thundered to a dipping, stomping, frantic stop right on the last note of Out of the Way! Mickey broke out a handkerchief and a big grin.

"Nice going, Squigs," he conceded. "You've really got what it takes."

"Well, you weren't insufferable yourself." Her saucy face was all flushed. In a way, she was almost pretty, with small bonfires blazing in her eyes. The band went back to sedate rhythm and the floor filled up once again.

"Come on," said Mickey. "We need some air." They started toward the club veranda. They were halted by Candy Francis with Melody Faxon at his side.

"Wanna trade a dance, you people?" It was obviously not Candy's own idea.

"Of course," Squigs assented, and lost herself somewhere over on Candy's starboard side.

Well, here it was. Look at those eyes. And look at that slick-jick lovely smile. And that delicate ear so close to his cheek, giving a tiny sort of warmth. Her waist at his hand was pliant. Her hair to his nostrils was perfume.

Mickey started whirling, broke into a deep dip.

Ouch! The sharp stab of her foot on his shot through his body like a knife.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr.—?"

"Denler," Mickey said, forcing a grin. "Mickey Denler."

"Mine's Melody Faxon. Just Melody to you, if you like."

"O. K., Melody. Let's go."

Again they started off. Mickey went into a furious stomp. But his foot caught hers coming in the opposite direction. There was a moment of agony which wasn't alleviated by Squigs' knowing grin as she whirled by with Candy.

Melody was saying, "You're a wonderful dancer, Mr. Denler."

Mickey swallowed; muttered, "Thanks."

He looked at her. Yes. Something was definitely missing. Her hair wasn't so darned golden at that. And whatever perfume he had imagined—was gone. And the eyes—well, just eyes, that's all.

"I could dance like this forever," continued Melody dreamily.

Mickey winced. Maybe she could dance like this forever. He couldn't. Boy, something sure was missing!

Melody was still in sort of an isn't-this-wonderful mood. Her big brown eyes gazed up at him.

"If you'll promise I'll not be attacked by mice again, I *might* stop by at your store tomorrow."

Gosh! Mickey suddenly remembered that he had skipped feeding Peter tonight.

"Drop in any time," he said somewhat hurriedly.

Suddenly Squigs—dear little Squigs—hopped into sight, followed by a perspiring Candy.

"C'm'on, Mickey. Isn't this our dance?"

"Sure!" Mickey was embarrassed at the explosiveness of his reply. "I—I mean, is it? Well, I guess, if you'll excuse me, Miss Fax—uh—Melody, I'd better go along."

And he added very quickly: "Well, so long, you folks. Be seein' you."

He propelled Squigs toward the door. "I forgot something, and it's very important. Look, Squigs. Drive me back to the store."

Sure, it was important as anything, keeping Pete in condition for other times—other girls. Last time out, Pete hadn't done so well—but never mind, the summer was young.

He caught Squigs' etched profile as they swung from the drive and took the road to town. She had something. What was it? The line of her chin, or the lift of her cute little nose?

"Listen," said Mickey. "I'm going to tell you something, but if you try to take advantage of it, papa's gonna spank."

"Yes, Mickey?" Squigs said meekly.

"It's this: Well, in your *own* way, you're cute. I mean, you're not a wet drizzle, provided you know enough to stay in bounds."

"Yes, Mickey?" Her voice had a lift.

"Keep driving. A couple, just a couple times this summer, why, you and I might step out. . . ."

Squigs sighed. "Yes, Mickey dear," she said happily.

THE END

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20 QUESTIONS

Dr. Gregory Pinquetea got all but Nos. 7, 12, and 19. Count double for these if you get them. Of No. 6 he said, "I can't even pronounce it."

1—What American governor refused recently to issue a proclamation on his father's birthday, because he did not wish to bask in his father's fame?

2—What is the "distaff side," and what side is opposite to it?

3—Do the tails of quotation marks go up, like inverted commas, or down?

4—The works of Gilbert and Sullivan are known to all. Who wrote the music and who the words?

5—According to the latest government survey, the ideal American woman should be how tall, and how much should she weigh?

6—By what shorter name do we know the dread organization "Obshche Gosudarstvennoe Politicheskoe Upravlenie"?

7—Which is the "anchor man" on a relay team?

8—What fictitious creature of world-wide fame was pursued by Captain Ahab?

9—Name the cities in which these districts are located: Limehouse, Latin Quarter, Beacon Hill, Hell's Kitchen?

10—What American politician of bygone days was known as the "Little Giant"?

11—The national income reached in 1941 65 billion, 75 billion, 92 billion, or 101 billion dollars?

12—What do we mean when we speak of "ABDA area"?

13—Why won't it be correct in the future to call a five-cent piece a "nickel"?

14—What flower—according to legend—is supposed to have sprung from whose tears as she was leaving what place?

15—What famous baseball slugger, whose career began in 1915, was recently elected to baseball's Hall of Fame?

16—In what way did the word "lollapalooza," help in the defense of American liberty?

17—What author is credited with having written the first detective novel? What was its name?

18—You've heard this person or that referred to as a "stormy petrel," but what is a petrel?

19—The motto of which state means, when translated, "If thou seekest a beautiful peninsula, behold it here"?

20—He was famous as a "one-man vaudeville show." Recently he announced his retirement from the stage. What is his name?

(*Answers will be found on page 35*)

HERE COMES GINGER

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ IF it hadn't been for Dooley, I don't suppose I should have become so early and so completely an admirer of Ginger Rogers.

Dooley lived with my wife and me in a little house in Holly Drive. He was, in many respects, the most important member of the household. He was the last thing we thought of at night, the first thing in the morning, especially the morning. Dooley was a Sealyham.

He was also a great friend-maker. No matter how strange the stranger who passed our door, he would sink back on his little behind, raise his silly paws above his ridiculous ears and beg, until the passer-by would smile.

But that wasn't the way Dooley met Ginger. He wasn't sitting up and begging when Ginger found him. He was lying, inanimate, apparently dead, in the clanging traffic of Cahuenga Boulevard, into which he had wandered from Holly Drive, and in which he had been hit and left by a heedless and heartless motorist.

All one day and most of the night, my wife and I searched the hills above our house, and then turned to the Lost and Found column of the Citizen. Early the next morning, Lela Rogers, Ginger's mother, was on the phone, and thirty minutes later Lela and Ginger and Dooley were at our door.

Mrs. Rogers had been very particular on the telephone about certain of

Dooley's identifying marks, and we had been so excited we couldn't remember any of them. The quiz was a complete bust. And poor Dooley, when he staggered up the path, was still too sick to recognize either of us. But our grief and our joy were so shining that they touched the Rogers' hearts.

They then began talking about *their* dogs. They went in for Sealyhams too. That was one reason why they had taken Dooley home and nursed him themselves instead of turning him over to the authorities.

Well, you know how dog lovers are. Silly. Anyhow, I decided right then that Ginger Rogers was Hollywood's most promising actress—and I have never had reason to change that opinion.

☆

THESE events occurred back in the infant '30s, almost a decade before Miss Rogers' solemn Oscarization in 1941 by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as the best screen actress of 1940—some said of *any* year—for her triumphant personification of the white-collar girl in Christopher Morley's Kitty Foyle. In 1932, as a matter of fact, she was just one of many little girls from the New York stage trying to get along.

Ginger was then living with her amazingly youthful mother in an eight-room Spanish-style house overhanging a cliff in the Los Feliz hills. She wasn't broke—yet. Some of the money she had saved from her Broadway success had survived the heat of the California sun and the coolness of the California studios. An old colored couple, George and Nona, looked after her material needs. It was a most simple household.

Now she lives in what she calls "a stylized farmhouse," designed by Ginger and Lela in defiance of some of the best architects in southern California. Perched on the highest of the Beverly hills, the house is prevented from sliding into the Pacific Ocean by a Hollywood replica of the great Chinese Wall.

Outside, there is every facility for muscle stretching. Ginger is great on the competitive spirit. That's what made her work until she was one half of the perfect Astaire-Rogers team. She swims, dives, bowls, roller-skates, and plays tennis as if she were trying to win her college letter.

Inside the sprawling hilltop "farmhouse" there is everything for pleasant living, including, of course, that highly publicized realization of a schoolgirl's dream, a personal soda fountain. This fountain, about which every Ginger Rogers fan has heard, is not so much of a gag as you might think, for Ginger happily seeks to put on weight instead of taking it off, as is the case with most Hollywood beauties, and is, therefore, her own best customer.

Ginger is having fun with her money and her fame but, as you may have gathered, I don't think she has changed. People like Ginger don't change.

There are people in Hollywood who will tell you that today she is different. That is partly true. She has had to become more inaccessible, more questioning of the good faith of all comers. She is busy and must save time and strength. She's earned a considerable fortune and must see that it is spent wisely. But those inevitable developments have nothing to do with the qualities of mind and spirit that have put Ginger on top.

Here's a girl who started with very average visible assets—good (but not exceptional) features, good (and exceptional) figure, good health. She is the first to deny any unique personal talent. She believes that talent, strength, and power are in a vast reservoir available to any human being who believes in that reservoir and is willing to tap it. She also believes in working to help bring about the miracle. This faith has carried a little local Charleston winner to the highest award her vocation can give. It has made a great dancer out of a comedienne, an amazing satirist out of a serious actress.

All of Ginger's friends know that Leopard Rogers hasn't changed her spots. These friends are the same ones that she's had since she first came to Hollywood. Some of them were unknown then and are now. That makes no difference to Ginger. Some of her intimates are top-billers—Myrna Loy, Joan Bennett, Margaret Sullavan. The Rogers girl isn't afraid of unknowns or topnotchers.

In appearance, after ten years in Hollywood and five years before on the stage, Ginger is still incredibly young-looking, and in private life, slightly hoydenish. That she belies her schoolgirl appearance does not detract from her genuineness. She wouldn't be much for any money if she hadn't learned a lot in ten years of Hollywood. The wonder is she hasn't grown hard and callous, like most of the girls. Instead, she has acquired in her dealings with directors and producers a kind of careless self-sufficiency which is her best defense program.

She is quite able to meet gag with gag. There is, for example, the story of the playful director who prepared for a business interview with Ginger by sticking up about a hundred still pictures of her around his office. The lady took the decorations in stride.

"Don't you notice anything?" he said at last.

"Yes," replied Ginger. "You need a haircut."

☆

SHE learned early about the facts of theatrical life. I haven't bothered you with the oft-told story of the Charleston contest she won in Dallas, Texas, when she was fourteen, or her four hard years on Midwestern vaudeville circuits—including one known to the trade as the "Death Trail"; of her success with Paul Ash, "the Genial Giant of Jazz," in the Chicago five-a-day; of the months of waiting for a job in New York, about which Ginger says quite simply, "We decided to stay in New York until we spent our last nickel—and we did."

She poses in a creation for one of her pic

The story of those years is a good story, a brave story, but in its essentials it is the story of Crawford and Lombard and a dozen other cinema beauties who reached the cinema heights from a dancing start. And in Ginger's case, as she herself will tell you, it is primarily the story of that remarkable woman, her mother; and, as such, it deserves a book.

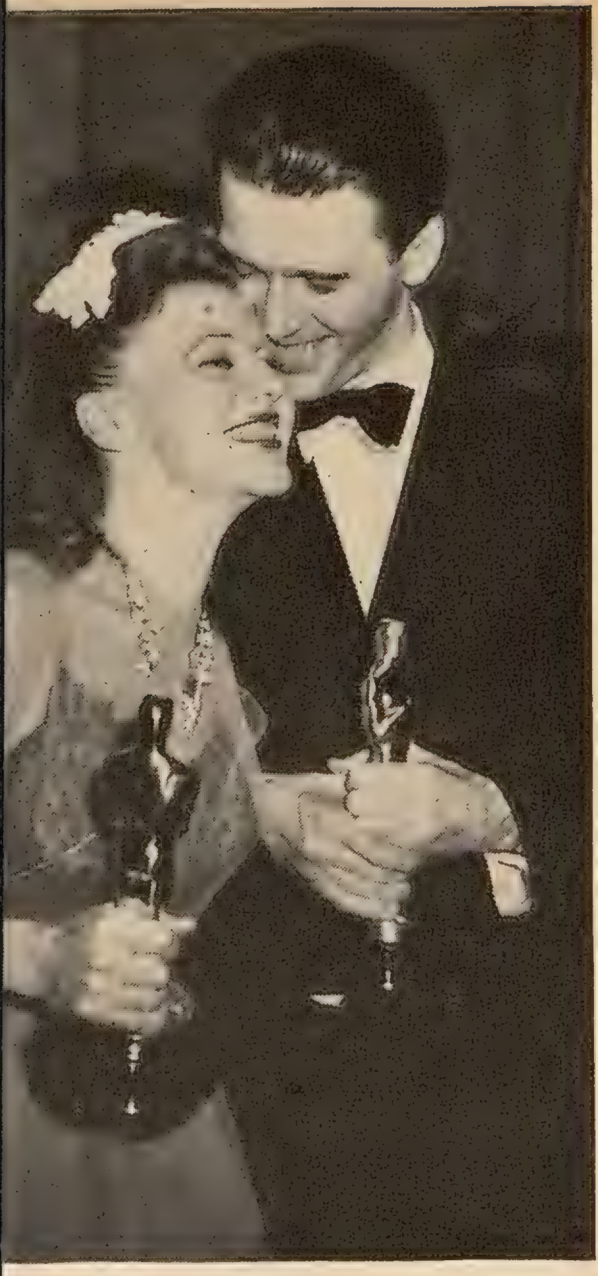
It is enough for us to know, however, that the mother was just a country girl from Iowa when she married Eddins McMath and gave birth to Virginia Katherine McMath. (The Rogers part came later from a second marriage of her mother.)

Charged with the sole care of her small child, Lela moved by circuitous routes, including a spell in Washington during the first World War, to Fort Worth, Texas, where she obtained work as society and dramatic reporter for the local Record. She also wrote scenarios for the then reigning child star, Baby Marie Osborne.

The Charleston contest wasn't Lela's idea. The prize was a three weeks' tour on the Interstate Circuit. And Ginger won it.

"Look out, Broadway, here comes Ginger!" wrote an enthusiastic Fort Worth newsman, who, I am glad to relate, when he visited Hollywood eight years later, was shown the time of his life by the aforesaid Ginger.

Geegee and Lelee, their pet names for each other, might have starved in New York if Paul Ash with his en-



immy Stewart, after both received Oscars.

tourage hadn't moved into the Brooklyn Paramount for a two weeks' booking. Knowing what Ginger could do, he was glad to strengthen his outfit for the metropolitan appearance. Followed an audition on the empty stage for an audience of three—Guy Bolton, Bert Kalmar, and Harry Ruby, who were looking for a "second girl" for the forthcoming Top Speed. Next day Ginger, who had never spoken a word of dialogue in her four years of singing and hoofing, was handed a part with sixty pages of sides.

Although billed below the romantic draws, Irene Delroy and Paul Frawley, and the comedian, Lester Allen, the redheaded ingénue ran away with the show. Result: The following year the ingénue's lead with Ethel Merman and Willie Howard in Girl Crazy and five pictures at Paramount's Astoria studio, beginning with Young Man of Manhattan. Hollywood could hardly wait for her to reach the Coast.

Then, having captured the reigning Broadway sensation, the Los Angeles train-meeters promptly forgot her. She appeared briefly in such epochal productions as The Tip-Off with Eddie Quillan, and a little number nobody knew called Suicide Fleet. Then the drought. Finally she got a couple of ingénue leads with Joe E. Brown. One day a studio bigwig found her singing to herself between scenes.

"Where did *you* learn to sing?" he demanded.

"Oh, I was in musical comedy in New York," replied Ginger demurely.

A light broke over the man's face. "Oh," he said, "you're *that* Ginger Rogers!"

Presently she was appearing in the kind of parts in which she had made her name. Her clowning as Anytime Annie, the chorine with a monocle, in 42nd Street brought down the critics' house. Her singing of We're in the Money, theme song of Gold Diggers of 1933, clinched her place as the town's leading hotcha comedienne. And who of those who saw Sitting Pretty will ever forget her sitting on the top step of that huge stairway singing Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?

The dream Ginger saw walking those days was Mervyn LeRoy, the "boy director." For two years these two attractive youngsters were what Hollywood calls an "item." LeRoy was tremendously fond of Ginger, and she openly worshiped at his shrine.

While playing at the Oriental Theater in Chicago with Paul Ash, and not yet seventeen, she fell in love with a personable young trouper, Jack Culpepper, or Jack Pepper, as he was commonly known in the profession. Three years later, after more than two years of living apart, Ginger divorced him. She was through, she said, with marriage for all time. And, as a matter of fact, it took an earthquake to shake her from this resolve.

The lucky young man into whose arms Ginger was catapulted by the seismographic disturbances of March, 1933, and who might never otherwise have gotten up his nerve to ask her to be his wife, was bashful Lew Ayres. The San Diego boy, who had stepped from a guitarist's role in Ray West's orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove almost directly into the climactic part of Paul in All Quiet on the Western Front, was genuinely bewildered by his sudden success. He was, of course, a big shot; yet he was an almost pathetically appealing figure. He had met Ginger the night before. He had sensed her quick understanding, had admired her sureness and force. The earthquake did the rest.

☆ I SAW something of Lew Ayres in those days. He was under contract to the same company I was serving as literary adviser. He used to come to my office and pour out his heart, a hurt, rebellious heart; not on account of Ginger—they are still great friends—but on account of the futile roles and pictures in which he was forced to appear. The boy was badly handled; his later success as Dr. Kildare showed that all he needed was a chance to show his true value. But in 1933 and 1934 he was sinking fast.

And Ginger, on those "lyric" legs, was prancing to fame.

Meanwhile, over at the RKO studio, another famous ex-Broadway star, Fred Astaire, was having a devil of a time acquainting Hollywood with the intricacies of civilized dancing. The picture was a Dolores Del Rio starring vehicle, Flying Down to Rio. At last, in pardonable exasperation, Fred exclaimed: "Where is Ginger Rogers? Isn't she on this lot?"

She was—and so the Carioca was born.

Well, you know the rest of the story. Ginger not only gave Astaire the dancing partner he needed but by her grace and allure she gave him the romantic appeal which he had never achieved before with that diminutive imp Sister Adele, and, in this observer's opinion, has never achieved since with any other vis-à-vis. The Astaire-Rogers pictures made $18,000,000 for RKO.

For Mrs. Lew Ayres this success meant wealth and fame and Hollywood queenship. For Mr. Lew Ayres, sensitive, hurt, baffled, slipping, it meant—well, it meant the old sad story of A Star Is Born. The situation, so far as Ginger was concerned, became rapidly impossible. Regretfully she left at the end of their first year of trial, but not until four years later, when he had again climbed the Hollywood heights, did she divorce him.

☆ THE Astaire-Rogers partnership could have gone on indefinitely if either Fred or Ginger had been content to be known as part of a team. "It sounds like a pair of horses," he said. "I want to progress to straight emotional roles," she said. Hollywood understood Fred's feelings and accepted them—to its sorrow; but it had a good laugh over Ginger's.

"Why," wrote one young man who makes a business of giving unsolicited advice to cinema stars, "does every third baseman want to be a pitcher?"

But Ginger had her own way of answering her critics. First in Star of Midnight, with the inimitable Bill Powell, and then in that delectable comedy, Vivacious Lady, with Jimmy Stewart, she showed she could stand on her own feet, even when they weren't dancing.

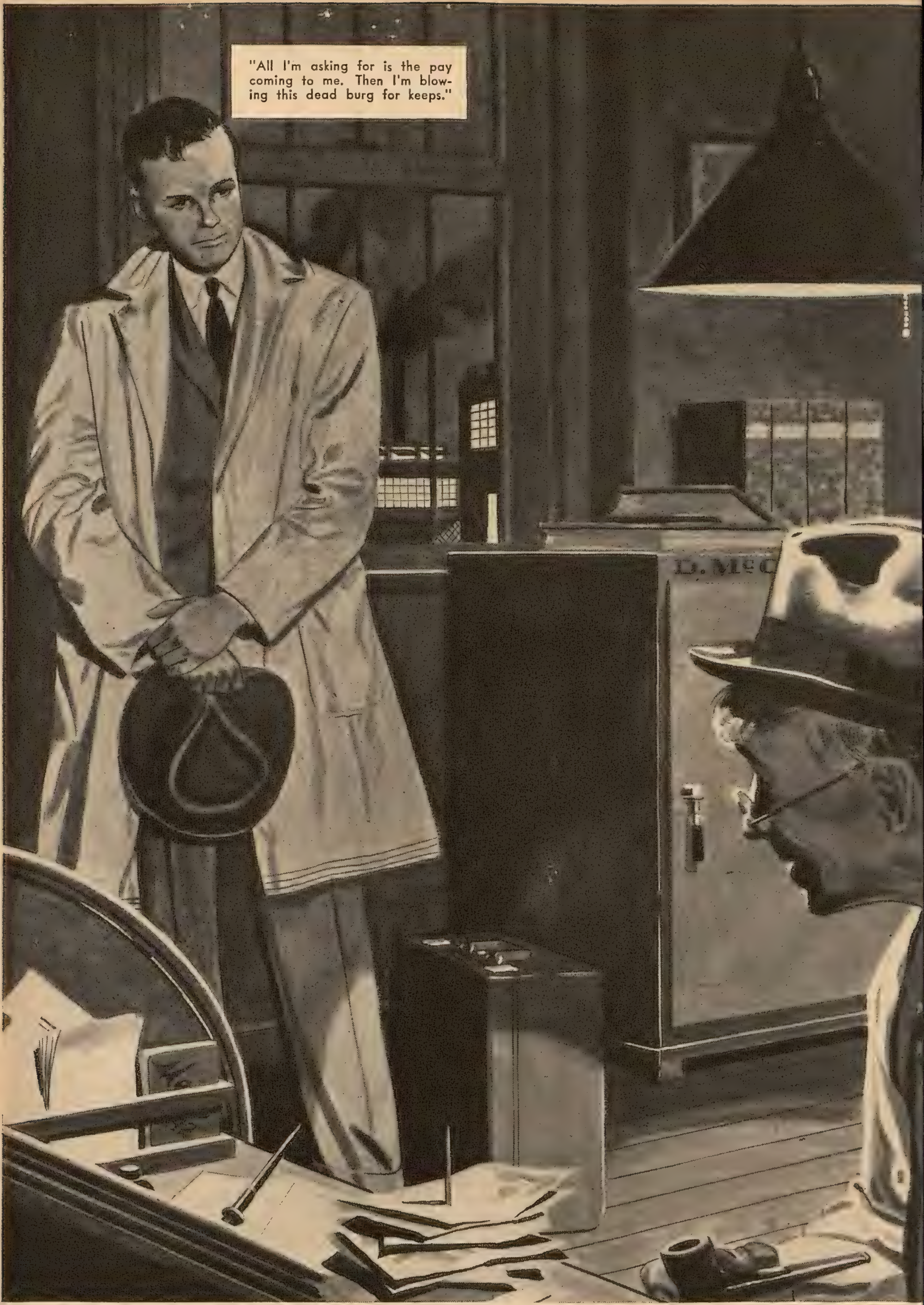
Neither of these roles could be described as seriously emotional; and the same might be said for her parts in Bachelor Mother, Lucky Partners and Fifth Avenue Girl, or in Tom, Dick and Harry, and the current Roxie Hart, which does little for her reputation except to emphasize her pre-eminent right to the title, Miss Versatility. But her beautifully shaded performance in Stage Door and, to a lesser degree, her portrayals in Having Wonderful Time and Primrose Path, gave sure promise of that dynamic force which nevertheless smote the critical world with something like a shock when at last she got a role into which she could sink her dramatic teeth—that "epitome of the U. S. working girl, nonchalant, wise-eyed, self-sufficient, heaven-protected," which, in Kitty Foyle, she triumphantly made her own.

More important even than the performance itself, in a final summation of Miss Rogers' character, was her attitude toward it.

"Twenty million white-collar girls were portrayed in that picture," she said, "and I couldn't let them down!"

THE END

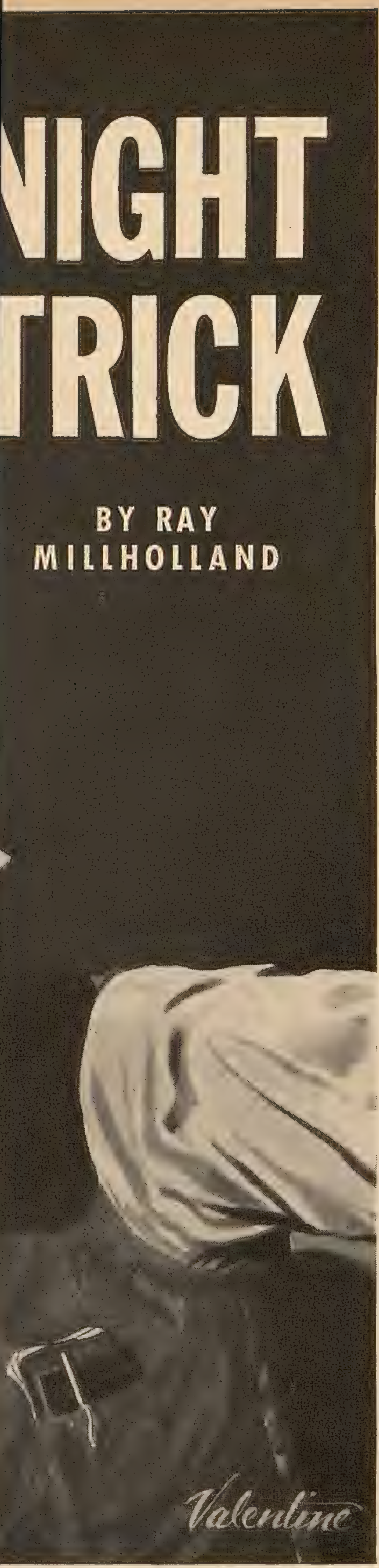
ILLUSTRATED BY S. B. VALENTINE



"All I'm asking for is the pay coming to me. Then I'm blowing this dead burg for keeps."

NIGHT TRICK

BY RAY MILLHOLLAND



READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 28 SECONDS

☆ MR. DAVE McCORD had most pleasantly surprised Army Ordnance by converting his printing-press factory into a ninety-millimeter antiaircraft gun arsenal in less than six months. The older workmen called him "Dave," simply and without the slightest show of swagger. It had been that way between them for thirty years.

Now Dave McCord's men, many of them with their iron-rimmed spectacles pushed up on their foreheads, arranged themselves in ranks alongside of two flatcars standing on the railway tracks that entered the vast erecting bay of the plant. A temporary platform, its railing draped with bunting, stood beside the flatcars on which were already loaded five long-barreled antiaircraft guns, shrouded in tarpaulins to disguise them on their impending journey to the ordnance proving grounds.

Dave McCord took off that shapeless old felt hat which he wore around the works, summer and winter, and wiped first the sweatband and then his forehead with his handkerchief. He replaced his hat and motioned to an erect square-jawed Army Ordnance major to precede him up the steps of the temporary platform.

"Boys," said Dave McCord simply, "this is Major Barringer. He is district chief inspector of Army Ordnance. He is going to talk to you for a little while. . . . It's all yours, major."

"Thank you, Mr. McCord and you industrial troopers of the McCord Ordnance Works," said the major crisply, and immediately swung into action. "Men, since Pearl Harbor, every production minute has become too precious to waste even one breath on long-winded speeches. When the army called upon this plant for an immediate speed-up of antiaircraft-gun production, Mr. McCord said he could speak for all of you and promised you would give better than your level best."

The major paused to run an approving eye over the five tarpaulin-shrouded guns on the flatcars. "Down at Washington we hoped a miracle would happen and maybe you would have four guns ready for shipment today. Here you have made chumps out of us as short guessers by building five. . . . All I've got to say is that you have done a damned swell job. And I don't have to tell good metal skinners like you that nothing bucks up the fighting spirit of the chaps who man the guns like knowing they can depend on you fellows back home to build them all the guns they need. Thank you."

At a signal from Dave McCord the great double doors at the end of the building rolled back. A puffing switch engine coupled onto the cars and started backing out, leaving an open trench of human faces that silently watched the guns start on their journey to the proving grounds.

There was no cheering. Then the men turned back to their machines.

The army major turned to Dave McCord with a questioning look behind a forced smile. "Another two minutes listening to my lousy oratory and they'd have started heaving chunks of iron at me."

Dave McCord pointed across the erecting floor to a partially completed gun. "That's what is griping the boys—that gun over there. They were shooting to ship six today, instead of just five. They're dog-tired from working forty-eight hours without sleep, and disappointed."

Dave McCord did not volunteer the reason why that sixth gun had not been completed in time.

Dave McCord walked on through the shop, to stop for a minute next to old Gramp Daggett.

Gramp took up his oilcan and sluiced the front spindle bearing of his ponderous machine. Then down again on his tool stand went the oilcan with a curt bang.

"I got a notion to hike myself over to the Draft Board," he snapped waspishly, "and tell 'em to pull Bob Turner's card out of the de-feered file and give that boy a gun to tote 'stead of a kit of machinist's tools he ain't using nohow." The old man slashed savagely with a heavy screwdriver at a hot chip that was trying to curl itself around his lathe tool. "Five hundred men going without two nights' sleep so's to ship six guns today. But no; one boy has to take his girl to a dance. Can't work all night at his gear hobbler and cut the teeth in that last elevating gear quadrant!"

Farther down the shop Dave McCord met Joe Wilson. He took his foreman by the arm and led him out of earshot of the men.

"Joe, do you know how to figure the gear-train set-up on the hobbing machine for the elevating gear quadrant that young Bob Turner failed to come back and finish last night?"

Joe Wilson turned ashamed eyes to his boss. "If I knew, Dave, I'd never of let the boys down." Then, as a bitter afterthought: "And that kid is wise that I don't know—or anybody else in the works."

Dave McCord fumbled in his vest pocket for a two-inch stub of lead pencil. "Let's go into a huddle over this, Joe. . . . Now, here is how you figure the set-up for that elevating quadrant. You work your factors, same as for cutting a full circle gear."

Joe Wilson said disgustedly, "Heck, it figures the same as for that old-timer gear hobbler I learned on when I was serving my time! Guess *I'm* the one who ought to have his pants kicked."

All Dave McCord said was, "Send Bob to me when he reports for the next shift," and passed on.

Across the yard to the works office he strode, his heels crunching the cinders, fingers rammed deep in his hip pockets.

Full of sizz was that boy Bob, he scolded himself. Picked up new wrinkles of his trade like a duck shoveling up mud worms from a rain puddle. . . . Dave shook his head. Where he had made a mistake was in giving the boy a carbon copy of that letter to Frank Day of the Draft Board:

". . . Not only is this selectee, Robert Turner, a machinist of exceptional skill but it will take at least two years to train another man in his place. . . . Furthermore, should this young man, in a mistaken sense of patriotism, attempt to enlist, *he should be refused permission,* as the undersigned understands that this young man has declined to claim exemption from military service on his own behalf."

It was clearer to Dave McCord, now, what must have been going on in the boy's mind after he had read that letter:

The first loudmouth who asks me why I'm not carrying a gun on my shoulder I'm going to shove this under his nose and then smack it flat for him. Then I'll tell him I got my orders to stick on the job here, the same as the other fellow got his to join the army.

Dave remembered chuckling at the time. Now it didn't seem so funny—especially that hint of a cocky swagger to Bob's shoulders when he walked back to his gear hobber.

* * *

THE telephone was ringing persistently when Dave McCord arrived at his private office. His friend Frank Day was calling.

Thinking that Frank was calling to remind him of their chess-playing date for that evening, Dave forestalled him by saying:

"Can't make it tonight. Got more trouble on my hands down here than you could load in a boxcar."

"There's no chess on my mind either," replied Frank Day. "The Board is reclassifying every name in the files. I'll be out sometime after six tonight with the papers on young Bob Turner."

"Make it after seven, Frank," said Dave. "And bring me a couple of sandwiches and a quart of coffee."

Abruptly he pushed aside his telephone and took up a telegram lying unopened on his desk. It was from Army Ordnance:

HIGHLY GRATIFIED OVER LONG DISTANCE REPORT FROM MAJOR BARRINGER THIS MORNING THAT YOU ARE SHIPPING TODAY FIVE GUNS. AM DIRECTED BY SECRETARY OF WAR TO EXTEND HIS WARMEST PERSONAL CONGRATULATIONS FOR THUS MEETING THE EMERGENCY CREATED BY ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR.

Dave slipped it into the top drawer of his desk. The sight of it pasted on the bulletin board out in the plant was going to make five hundred men feel a lot better about those weary hours of overtime they had put in.

The rest of the afternoon slipped away while he stuck doggedly at the task of cleaning up the pile of unanswered mail on his desk. Then the prolonged bellow of the works' whistle rattled his office windows, announcing the end of the day shift and calling the night trick to keep the machines producing.

Aslant from under one eyebrow, Dave McCord watched young Bob Turner enter through the door leading to the plant yard, a door that was never locked to any employee of the works with a real or imaginary grievance.

"Have a chair, son," Dave McCord nodded and continued reading the letter in his hand.

Ignoring the chair, Bob Turner took a step closer to the desk.

"I want to know," he said, "what right anybody's got busting into a man's private locker."

Dave McCord dropped the letter into a wire basket and centered steady eyes on a flushed young face.

"You mean somebody swiped your micrometers?"

"Nothing you could put a price tag on, exactly." Bob Turner's eyes were defensively belligerent. "It was"—his poise wilted under Dave's unwavering attention—"well, it was a little notebook I keep track of my overtime in, and—and some other personal information."

"Like the record of the right gears for setting up your hobbing machine to cut elevating quadrants," supplied Dave McCord with a deceptively unexpressive countenance.

Bob Turner's smile was bitterly mirthless. "That wises me up to what I suspected. It was that snooping foreman of mine who took it."

"Now you've got me jumping at conclusions too, son," said Dave. "You know, I just caught myself thinking that a fellow who looks at his job the way you seem to be doing right now, would naturally be afraid somebody might want to look in his little notebook. Sure you didn't take the thing home with you yesterday?"

Before Bob Turner had time to reflect that he was obeying a shrewdly planted suggestion, his hand went to his right hip pocket. It came out with the notebook.

* * *

A KITCHEN match snapped between Dave McCord's fingers. "Looks like the whole world was out of step but you." His words, though spoken quietly and without anger, carried the sting of a whiplash. "It isn't only the five hundred men out there in the shop who stuck to their jobs you've let down, it was the whole dad-blamed country—a hundred thirty million Americans."

The little notebook landed with a spat on the desk blotter. "I offered to give Wilson the dope on those gears, but he gave me the brush-off. Didn't want to admit I could figure gearing he couldn't, I guess."

"Maybe your foreman already had his head full of other troubles and didn't have room for any more right then. Ever stop to think of that, son?"

Bob Turner had already reached the door, where he flung over his shoulder. "Wilson can put one of his stooges on my machine. I'm blowing for Central City, where they pay real money to gear set-up men!"

Dave McCord picked up the notebook from his desk and thumbed absently through it, shaking his head regretfully. . . . There was plenty of fine material in that high-strung young fellow, he observed with an inward sigh, and tucked the book away in an upper vest pocket.

He was glumly tapping a cold pipe against his palm when his friend Frank Day of the local Draft Board came in and deposited his briefcase on a corner of the desk, thumping down two quart bottles of still warm coffee beside it.

"Dave, you look like a man holding his own wake," drawled his friend, extracting four individually wrapped sandwiches from his briefcase.

* * *

DAVE McCORD disposed of his two sandwiches between thoughtful swigs from his coffee bottle. Then Frank Day's lean hand once more explored the depths of his briefcase and produced two small pies.

"One of the perquisites of being the town's most hopelessly confirmed bachelor," observed Frank, carefully replacing his coffee bottle on the brown ring it had made on the desk, "is that a good cook can occasionally take pity on his malnourished condition without causing the tongues of gossip to wag. Now these pies, for instance, were made by Lucy Turner, to my mind the finest woman that ever—" A lean hand crushed a paper napkin and tossed it into Dave's wastebasket without finishing the sentence.

Dave McCord pretended that he had not seen the shadow which passed over his friend's face.

". . . The hell of it is," Frank continued in the tone of a man who hates himself, "it's my sworn duty to send her boy to the army."

"You mean Bob Turner?"

"I mean Bob Turner," said Frank with a sharply accusing look. "Dave, you should have had more sense than to pay a twenty-two-year-old boy boom-time wages."

"I have to pay according to what a man can do," stated Dave flatly. "His ability to stand prosperity is no business of mine."

His friend waved that aside. "Perhaps not yours but, as a member of the Draft Board, it certainly is mine. This isn't the first case I've seen of what too much money in a young fellow's pocket does to his sense of values. . . . I warned him that he was to give his mother twenty dollars every week, slap another twenty into Defense bonds, and be darned sure he didn't get into trouble spending the rest.

"Does he follow orders?" Frank continued in an exasperated tone. "No. Some little gold digger over at Central City gets him tangled in her cute little curls and is making him neglect his work. The whole town is talking about how he walked out on his job the other night. I can't send other women's sons to the army and let Bob stay home and get away with that sort of thing."

After his friend was gone, Dave McCord took from his desk drawer the telegram from Army Ordnance congratulating him on those five guns he had shipped that day. He found a roll of gummed tape and went to the machine shop and pasted the telegram on the bulletin board.

Old Gramp Daggett stepped up and peered at it over his iron-rimmed spectacles. "It could just as well been six," he snapped and turned away.

* * *

JUST an hour before noon the next day, Joe Wilson, the machine-shop foreman, came into Dave's office, a grim set to his lips.

"Bob Turner didn't show up again this morning. That starts us out short another elevating quadrant on the next lot of guns we're beginning to assemble."

Dave listened while he hung up his shop hat and reached for the one he wore when leaving the works.

"I put another man on Bob's machine this morning," continued Wilson. "Set it up myself and showed him what to do. Couldn't see how he could go wrong, but he did. Spoiled a quadrant that already had fifty man hours of machine time on it."

"I'm driving to Central City on important business, Joe," said Dave, giving his hatbrim a tug. "I'll be back before the night trick comes on."

"Steal me a gear-hobber man up there," said Wilson.

The first call Dave McCord made in Central City was at a plant running full blast on an aviation engine subcontract.

"Come to think twice about it," admitted the personnel manager there, "a smart young fellow by that name was in here a couple of days ago asking for a job as a gear set-up man. But when he told me he already had a defense job, I told him to stick where he was."

There was no record at the army recruiting station of an application by Bob Turner. Dave McCord tried the navy recruiting station.

"Yes, sir, there was a lad in here just an hour ago by that name," said a veteran chief machinist's mate. "That young fellow was a real mechanic. Couldn't trip him with any of the questions we use to smoke out the four-flushers."

"Has he been sworn in yet?"

The veteran chief machinist's mate studied Dave closely for a deliberate moment. "Maybe you'd better ask the skipper about that, sir."

". . . ordinarily, we don't disclose to any person but the applicant himself our reasons for rejecting him," explained the navy recruiting officer. "But in view of your special interest as his employer, I'll make an exception. Young Turner was a few pounds underweight, but the doctor passed him on that. It was his eyesight that stopped him. . . . The fact is, Mr. McCord, the boy is practically blind in his left eye."

"That's certainly news to me," said Dave.

"Turner admitted knowing his left eye was below par," continued the navy officer. . . . "I'm afraid it was a serious psychological shock when he learned from us that his handicap was permanent and would keep him out of uniform."

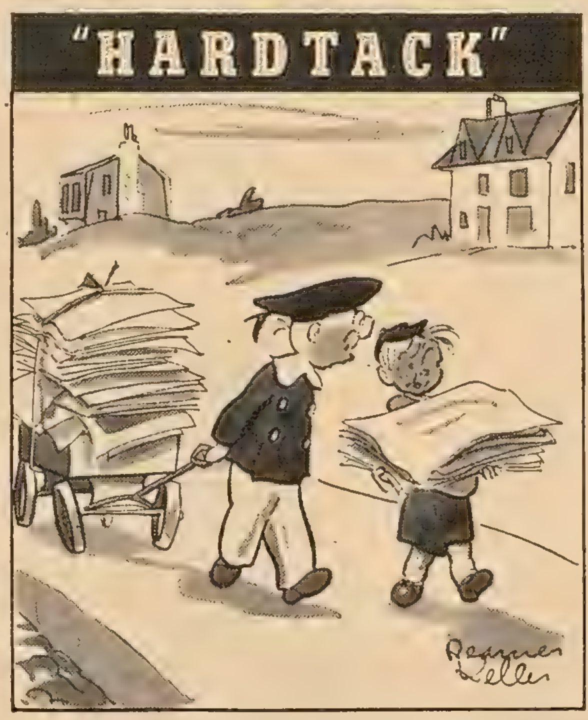
"I think a lot of that boy," said Dave. "If you can see your way clear to writing a letter—addressed to Robert Turner—telling him just why he was rejected, I'd like to take it back to him."

"Gladly," said the recruiting officer.

* * *

WITH less than ten minutes to spare before the day shift would begin ringing out their time cards, Dave McCord drove through the plant gate and parked his car back of the watchman's shanty. He went directly to the machine shop. Then on the bulletin board, where every man would see it on his way in or out, he thumbtacked the letter to Bob Turner from the navy recruiting service.

BY REAMER KELLER



"I wonder what the government does with all these old papers. You don't suppose they're shootin' paper wads too, do you?"

The early arrivals for the night shift were already drifting over to read the new notice on the bulletin board as Dave McCord crossed the plant yard to his office.

He had guessed right. Leaning with dejected shoulders against the office wall and gazing out the window, stood Bob Turner. On the floor by the desk was a new cheap suitcase.

"The paymaster said I couldn't get my pay without your O. K. on my separation slip."

Dave McCord creaked back in his chair and nodded pleasantly.

"Son, that was a pretty bad kick in the face you got today."

"I'm not bellyaching. All I'm asking for is the pay coming to me. Then I'm blowing this dead burg for keeps."

"Better take this along with you," said Dave, taking that notebook from his vest pocket. Before handing it across the desk, he opened it to a certain page. "'August 17, 1939, paid eye doctor ten dollars,'" he read musingly. "And here's a bunch more entries—mostly two- and three-dollar office calls, I guess. . . . Here's a big one for a hundred and fifty smackers—" Suddenly he closed the notebook and looked up. "Son, you've spent, I figure, close to three hundred dollars trying to save that bad left eye, haven't you?"

The boy nodded but did not speak.

"And night before last," continued Dave, being very careful to speak casually, "you let everybody around here think you had laid off to go to a dance with your girl. . . . What you really did was drive up to Central City to get a contact lens which you hoped would make that bum eye see as good as new. Am I right, son?"

Bob Turner nodded woodenly.

"That's all right," said Dave quietly. "I feel gabby tonight, so let me do the talking. Then, today, you tried to enlist in the navy and found out that all the money you had spent on your eye didn't help anybody but a doctor I bet doesn't have any more of a state license to work on eyes than I have."

"I went to three other eye doctors first," said Bob Turner dully. "He was the only one who said he could do anything. He guaranteed—"

"Boy, why in heaven's—" Dave McCord waved an apologetic hand. "Never mind, son. I know—you couldn't stand having any of the home folks saying you were faking trouble with your eye to beat the draft."

"And you think they wouldn't—some of them?" Turner blurted out.

Dave rubbed the bristles on his chin and smiled faintly. "But you didn't care a hoot if they gossiped about that girl—a little on the fast side maybe—you were *supposed* to be spending your money on in Central City."

* * *

A FLICKER of sheepish assent was the opening Dave McCord had been waiting for. He leveled a forefinger. "This is going to take some real nerve, son. You're going back to your machine tonight and work with those older men you think still hate your guts for running out on them."

"I don't *think*—I *know* they hate my guts," was flung back at him bitterly. "I just can't, Mr. McCord!"

"That gunner out at Pearl Harbor," went on Dave, ignoring the interruption, "with a hot bomb splinter frying in his back—nobody on earth would have blamed him if he had yelled for the stretcher-bearers to carry him out of the fight. Now, would they?"

Dave McCord counted ten slowly, after his office door closed behind a pair of stiffly braced young shoulders. Then he followed deliberately but confidently across the plant yard to the machine-shop door. He opened the door just wide enough to watch Bob Turner ring in at the time clock.

From inside he could hear old Gramp Daggett's high-pitched voice calling, "Hey there, Bob! Come back and take a squint at this here letter from the navy about you."

The hoarse bellow of the plant whistle, calling the night trick to man the gun-turning lathes, drowned out all but Bob's answering grin.

Dave McCord released a long retained sigh and walked to his car. The night was still young, and Frank Day was due to get the daylights beaten out of him at a game of chess.

THE END

PHOTO FROM EUROPEAN

One French couple after Hitler took his toll of them.

WIN

An old French lady with her luggage in a bleak Paris street with no taxis.

Underground news! . . . The eye-opening human story of "conquered" Europe in 1942

BY MORRIS MARKEY

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Editor's Note: Last week's article brought to light, in detail, ordeals and heroisms of the peoples of Nazi-occupied Holland, Norway, Belgium, and Denmark. This article does likewise by those of the people of France.

☆ FORTY million Frenchmen . . . Forty million bakers and butchers and farmers, mechanics and housewives and dressmakers, miners and shopkeepers, boys and girls in school . . .

They are forty million slaves now.

It is not within our province here to argue the causes of their defeat. It is our purpose, instead, to show you the results of that defeat—to show you, by that example, the state to which we shall be reduced if we too are defeated by the Germans and the Italians and the Japanese.

REPUBLIC OF FRANCE

Population	40,000,000
Area (square miles)	213,000

Capitulated to Adolf Hitler and the German Army at Compiègne June 22, 1940.

From Mein Kampf, by Adolf Hitler: "The German nation's will to live will no longer be allowed to waste itself on pure defensiveness, but will be drawn together for a decisive, active settlement with France—and will be thrown into a final, decisive battle for the most vast and final of German goals. On condition, of course, that Germany sees in France's annihilation *a means of subsequently giving our nation a chance to expand elsewhere.*"

When the Germans marched into Paris they brought the well oiled machinery of tyranny with them. They already had more than 1,000,000 French soldiers captive in German camps—a whole generation of French youth. Now they seized the arms and ammunition of the remaining French soldiers and of the civilian population. If a man hid and kept a gun, his life was forfeit.

They threw into newly built concentration camps the publishers and editors of newspapers and magazines, civic leaders, political leaders, and most of the Jews they could find. The newspapers which were allowed to continue printed exactly what they were told to print. All radio broadcasts were stopped, except those dictated by the conquerors.

They took over whatever property they wanted. They reduced ordinary living to the level of strict obedience to regulations. They closed schools and churches. They made membership in a political party a crime. Their printing presses rolled off tons of paper money which made the existing French currency almost meaningless.

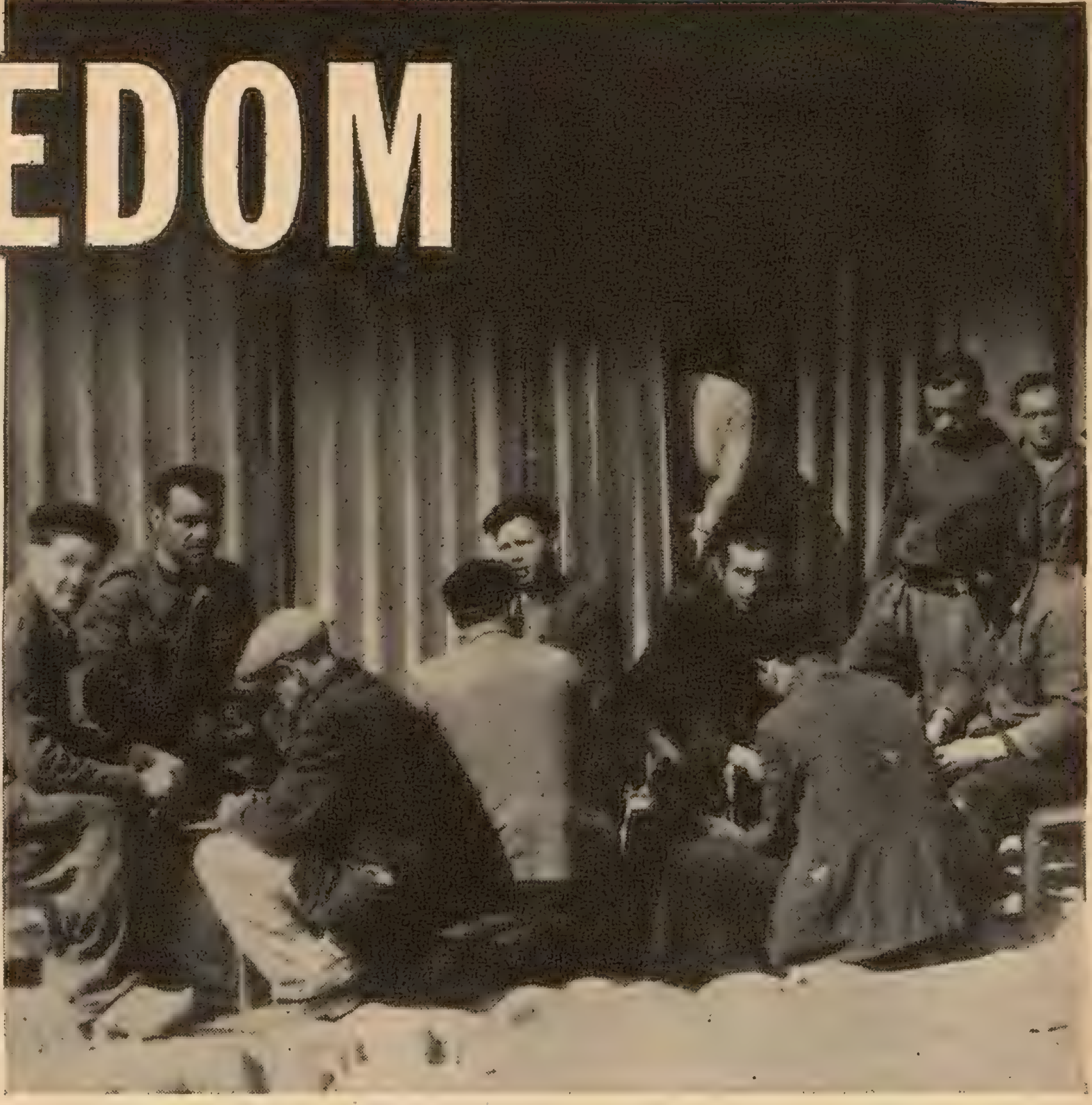
They divided France into two parts. The rich agricultural and industrial part to the north, including all the sea coast, was occupied (and still is) by about 300,000 German troops. The relatively unproductive south was left unoccupied. Tired old men and appeasers and collaborationists were allowed to form a provisional government at Vichy. Virtually all of its acts were subject to German approval.

Then they seized the food and the sources of food. They seized the clothing and the clothing factories as well as all raw material.

But let's look now at a letter. Much of this story will be told by letters—letters from Frenchmen, given no

OF FREEDOM

ss handouts to famished refugees from Belgium.



Interned at Toulouse, Poles and Spaniards do near-starvation kitchen duty.

ACME PHOTOS

general publication before this. Here is one from a young man to his cousin in America, written late in January:

"We manage to get a little butter and meat because we are living in a fertile country. I ride miles and miles into the hills, hunting isolated farms, and we manage. But in all the cities there is terrible famine. There is enough food, but the Germans take it all and send it out of the country. Every day trains from the farms bring meat and vegetables, and from every train the Germans seize 85 per cent.

"They regulate everything. Such and such a region should, according to them, produce 100 quintals of wheat. The Germans demand eighty-five quintals of that. If the crop is short, they get their eighty-five and the French get nothing.

"They use the iron hand with us always. But the day will come when we will give them payment in kind—an eye for an eye. That is pretty low morality, I know, but the only one which can penetrate the thick Nazi skull."

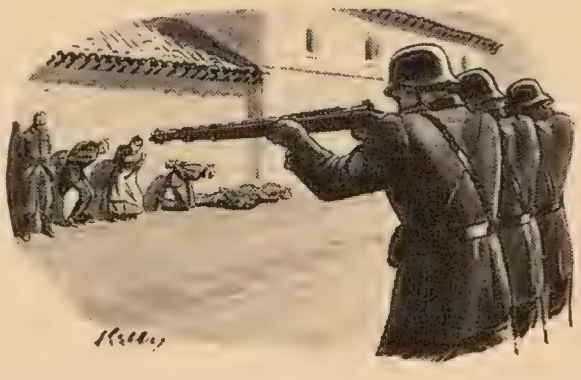
And from Marseille:

"When I say we are starving, it is not just a manner of speaking. The children cry because their bellies gnaw day and night. And for us, the grown people, the hunger is worse, because we see the food we are not allowed to eat.

"Here we cannot even get the fish our own fishermen bring in. It is shipped off to Germany and Italy."

Clothing? A young woman of twenty-six wrote this in January. She was expecting a baby in the spring:

"Not having a skirt that would fasten around me, I went to the Bureau of Supplies for a clothing coupon. They said I could only have it at the end of six months of pregnancy. I objected good-naturedly (it doesn't pay to appear displeased) and said I needed things for a layette, too, in case the baby should be born at seven months (which often happens because we are underfed and get very tired standing in food lines). The answer was that I must wait, because I might die anyway, and then they would never see clothing or coupons again! Charming, is it not? This is not written as a complaint, but in order to give the idea of our life. I am beginning to think it is all very natural. One must not appear sad or sullen these days. That is a sure way to get nothing at all."



Countless letters like these three add up to one vast appalling picture.

From the very first, it has been the German theory that the peculiarly French conception of free, unregulated existence must be destroyed. It would never fit into the Nazi New Order.

The primary weapons have been starvation, lack of medicines and medical care, the withholding of fuel in the coldest weather. But these have been augmented by more subtle means. In many sections of France, essential vitamins have been kept out of the diet of the people. The Germans explain that this will enfeeble the mind and produce the slave mentality to which all Frenchmen must be reduced.

Families have been deliberately broken up. Thousands of young Frenchmen have been shipped off to Middle Europe. They have been told that their wages will be high, that they can send money home to their starving loved ones, and that they themselves may return at the end of a year.

But no money comes back—and no young Frenchmen, either. They are often forced into marriage with women of the races the Germans call inferior: Polish or Greek or Rumanian. And all ties with the France they love so well are systematically cut away.

From the internment camps more thousands are sent to work on German fortifications in France. Here is

INT. NEWS PHOTO

Paris' strutting Nazi overlord Von Schaumburg (right) inspects a market.

PHOTO FROM EU

Aged, homeless, hungry, on any French

a letter smuggled out of such a camp:

"The Germans are taking many of our fellows away, to work along the coast. Their working day is twelve hours, but they are fed well so they can work hard. They are treated with incessant cruelty. A few have come back, half dying, their bodies covered with scars and wounds from punishment."

Propaganda, of course, never lets up. Of late it has been directed particularly at southern France. And this letter is from a woman there to a friend in England:

"Pétain broadcast not long ago that the people were not backing his policies. And in this unhappy village you know so well things happened swiftly. Every day saw the formation of new organizations to support Pétain. (Propaganda making him a great hero never ceases.) The children were formed into Pétain groups, and now they can be seen, day and night, marching, lifting their hands in the Nazi salute. You cannot take a step without running into youngsters with swords at their sides. You remember I was in Nazi Germany in 1934. Well, this is the same thing that happened there. The poor, deluded, misguided children!

"Of course all this is only in the unoccupied zone. But I shudder to think that these children will be the southern France of tomorrow."

The propaganda may be more easily understood if we look at a few of the orders which are sent out daily to all the newspapers of France:

Regulation 425: Feature prominently, under a three-column head on front page, the minutes of the ceremonies celebrating the anniversary of the Defense of Dakar. Make an attractive display.

Regulation 433: Nothing shall be printed on a Franco-Japanese incident at Hanoi.

Regulation 435: Until further order, nothing shall be published on the subject of America sending emissaries to de Gaulle.

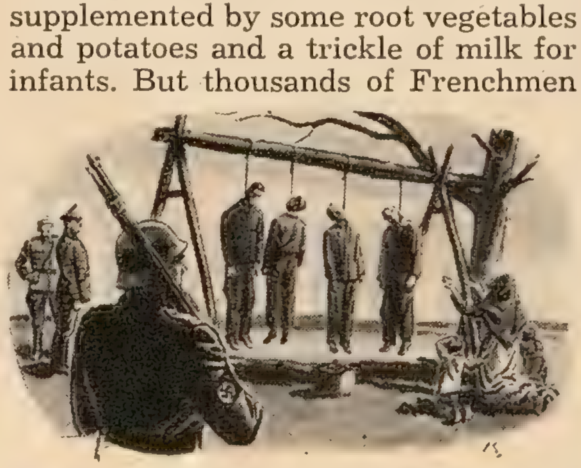
Regulation 437: It is forbidden to reproduce the OFI telegram stating that twenty Communists were shot at Lille because of an attempt at sabotage.

Regulation 452: It is forbidden to publish the Lucien Romier interview which appeared in the weekly Toute la Vie.

Regulation 455: Mr. Hitler's speech must be presented on the front page under a three-column head, with a caption pointing out Germany's successes in Russia.

Regulation 479: Nothing shall be published on the subject of the arrest of parachutists in the neighborhood of Périgueux.

Meantime, the price of foods which can be obtained with ration cards has gone up nearly 100 per cent during the winter, in a land where business and industry are paralyzed, ordinary incomes wiped out. The allowed rations, as of last February 1, were (per person) one third pound of meat twice a week; two ounces of coffee a month; one pound of sugar a month; about half a pound of bread daily. This was supplemented by some root vegetables and potatoes and a trickle of milk for infants. But thousands of Frenchmen earning nothing could not pay for even this starvation diet.



The vital statistics tell the story. Marriages and births have fallen to an all-time low. Deaths have soared high above normal. And during 1940 the infant death rate in France increased from 63 to 91 per thousand. Almost one out of every ten French babies died in the cradle! (In the same time, the German infant mortality increased from 11.6 to 12.7 per thousand.)

Not content with this starvation, the Germans increased the pinch on the least provocation, as punishment. Here is a letter from occupied France:

"They do what they can to crush our spirits and degrade us. The problem of prostitution among girls of high-school age is terrifying. The poor children are simply overwhelmed by the constant efforts of the Germans to show them that their situation is hopeless and will get worse—unless! For example, last week somebody hung up a picture of de Gaulle near the town hall. It was immediately ordered that the meat ration of the whole village would be cut off entirely for forty days. You can imagine the effect this had upon the hungry, frustrated young people."

What are the French people doing in the face of their disaster? Are they resisting? Are they attempting to fight their way to freedom again? Be well assured that they are.

Of course there are only a handful of fighting weapons in the whole country. And so, naturally, French resistance is more pronounced and more effective within the ranks of labor than anywhere else. Political leaders, the intellectual bellwethers, outstanding patriots, teachers and clergymen are scotched because they are well known individuals and therefore easy to shut up. The prison, the hangman, or the firing squad is always ready

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

1—Governor Charles Edison of New Jersey. It was the ninety-fifth birthday anniversary of his father, Thomas A. Edison.

2—The distaff side is the female side of the family. The distaff was formerly used in spinning. The opposite side—the male—was known as the "spear side."

3—The tails of the marks at the start of the quotation go up. Those at the close go down.

4—Sir William Gilbert wrote the words, Sir Arthur Sullivan the music.

5—Five feet six and a half inches tall; weight, 122 pounds.

6—The OGPU, made up of the initials of those words. It is the Russian secret police.

7—He's the one who holds the last position of a four-man relay team. As he runs last, he must be most reliable, making up whatever lead has been lost, or holding whatever advantage has been gained.

8—The white whale known as Moby Dick in the book of that name.

9—Limehouse, London; Latin Quarter, Paris; Beacon Hill, Boston; Hell's Kitchen, New York.

10—Stephen Douglas, chiefly remembered for his debates with Lincoln.

11—Ninety-two billion.

12—It refers to the southern Pacific war area. The initials stand for American, British, Dutch, Australian.

13—Because nickel has become so important in defense that silver will be used in place of the nickel in the five-cent coins.

14—The lily is supposed to have sprung from the tears of Eve as she left the Garden of Eden.

15—Rogers Hornsby.

16—American sentries on Luzon used it as a password to trap the Japanese trying to filter through U. S. lines. The Japs could not pronounce it properly.

17—Emile Gaboriau; L'Affaire Lerouge.

18—It is a seagoing bird which, when storms come, flies so close to the water it seems to be walking on it. Sailors believe the petrel to be a harbinger of storms—and any one who is a center of trouble becomes a "stormy petrel."

19—Michigan's.

20—Joe Cook.

SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA a boy is moving along the road that leads to school, to adolescence, to manhood, to a world that is bound to be different from any world we know today. And as he trudges along that road, that seems so long to him but is so short, he dreams.

We hope that his dreams come true. They always have, in America.

Not all the dreams of all young people, of course. It takes more than just dreaming to make dreams come true. But for young men and women who have gone on to plan and work and fight, a surprising number of their dreams have come true. So many that America has become the land of opportunity. So many that the United States has become the nation, among all nations of the world, that combines national greatness with individual liberty.

But what about *this* time?

Throughout America factories are running twenty-four hours a day, men are working overtime, lights are burning in offices and laboratories far into the night. What are these men and women of American industry working for? To produce more goods? For war?

Yes—and more. General Electric has been a part of American industry for more than 60 years. It has shared its problems and been a part of its progress. We think that the workmen and scientists and engineers of General Electric are working today for that young man—working that the tomorrow of which he dreams will come, and that it will be better than today. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

★ ★ ★

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot tell you about it now. When it can be told we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-314M3-211

GUMS BLEED A LITTLE?
then beware—it may be
GINGIVITIS

TENDER GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS
IRRITATED GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 of you may contract it!

If your gums bleed a tiny bit when you brush your teeth or are tender to touch, *don't take chances!* This may be the start of Gingivitis—a mild gum inflammation which may strike at 4 out of 5 people.

If not combated—Gingivitis often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea, with its loosened teeth, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months. Then at home there's—

No Better Way To Help Guard Against Gingivitis

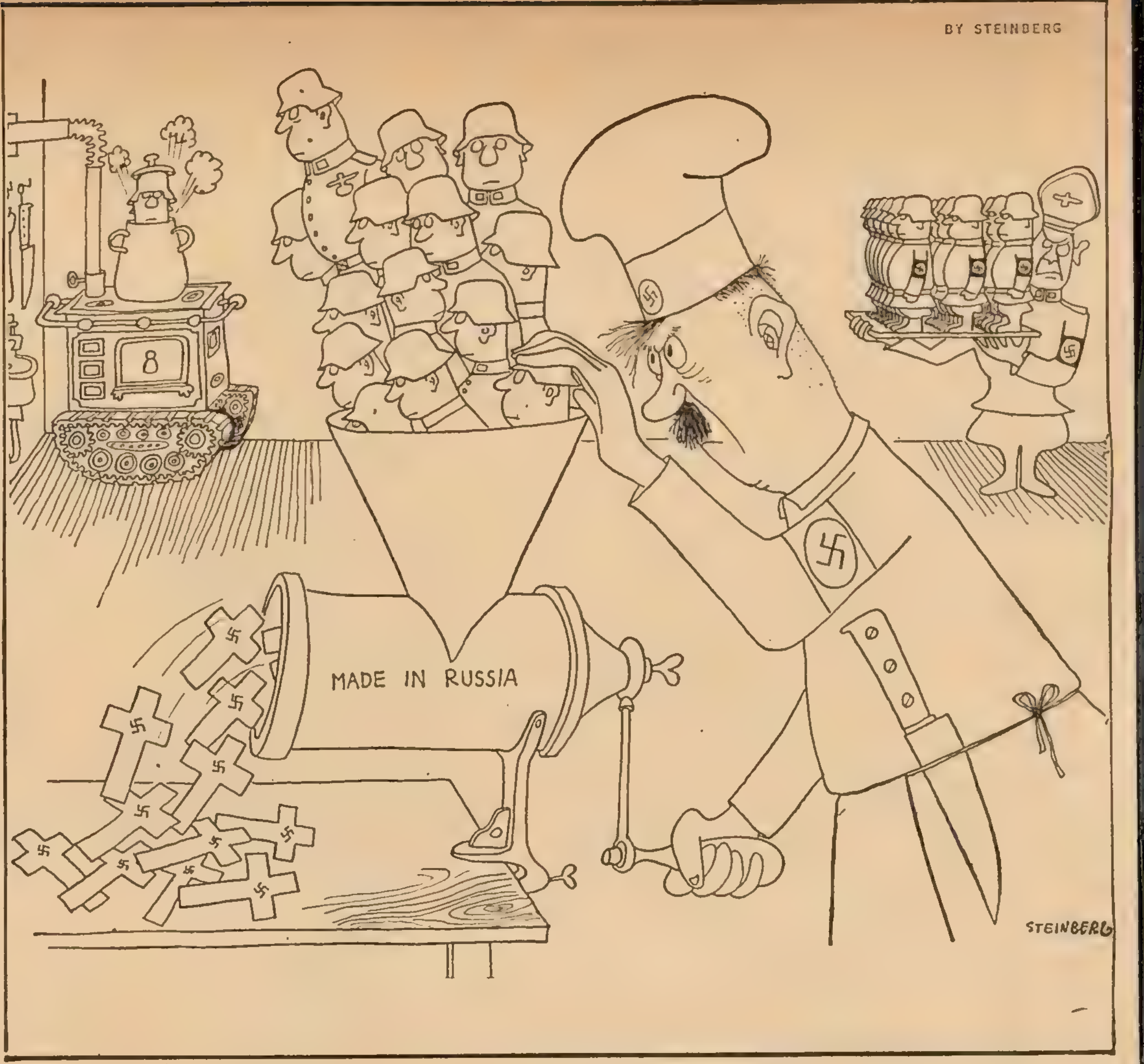
Massage your gums and brush teeth twice daily with Forhan's—the toothpaste known *first* for massaging gums to be firmer—more able to ward off infection and for cleaning teeth to their natural sparkling beauty.

Forhan's—formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—even helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay. So start using Forhan's *today!* At all drug and dept. stores.

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

BY STEINBERG



for them, and they are constantly watched for any overt move.

But a thousand workmen in a mine or a plant are a different thing altogether. They are anonymous. Their leadership is kept hidden. It is almost impossible to pin blame—and the factories must be kept going to supply the German war machine.

And although the strong French trade-unions were wiped out of existence the moment the invaders marched in, the workmen have secretly held their ranks rather close together. The result is an unending story of strikes and sabotage and slowdown: the pretense of monumental stupidity and carelessness, of ineptitude at the simplest jobs.

It is natural for the Germans to blame all this upon the Communists. They shout constantly that any Frenchman who countenances sabotage or slowdown is making himself a Communist bed to lie in.

They exaggerate. It is true that there are French Communists who are shrewd and able at harassing the enemy—and that their prestige has risen in the light of the recent Russian victories. But in the great Underground, which stretches into every corner of France, the Communists do not dominate, by any means. The Underground, the secret brotherhood of resistance, is bigger than any party.

A meeting was held in occupied France early last winter. It was a gathering of Frenchmen of all opinions and affiliations: Communists and bourgeois, peasants and intellectuals, Catholics and Protestants.

They issued a manifesto forming the National Front, and copies of it have been spread very widely, adherents drawn in a constant stream.

News of meetings and of projects is carried chiefly by "grapevine telegraph." Important news and orders are carried, too, on the secret French radio, which always signs off: "You were listening to the known voices of the unknown radio station, somewhere in France."

Strikes in the industrial north are incessant. True, they sometimes last only a few hours before the men go back into the mines or the shops, saying that perhaps they were in error. But valuable man-hours have been lost to Hitler.

Letter from a workman, February 5, 1942:

"They tell us that materials are scarce and demand that we economize in everything. So we are as extravagant with everything as possible, running the boilers too high, keeping electric current on full, opening valves and connections to let valuable steam escape. They put up a sign in our plant: 'The Waste of Oil Means Unemployment for You.' Within an hour somebody wrote under it, 'And Victory!' In the following month consumption of oil in our plant doubled. Men watched their opportunity and simply emptied the cruets on the ground.

"One standing rule: Nobody must ever find a needed article easily. Is it a rivet, a rubber plug, a jar of chemical? The whole place must be turned upside down—hours lost while everybody plays stupid. Of course we know where the thing is all the time!"

Another letter, from a town near Paris:

"Sometimes we really have to laugh. There was a French locomotive taken away by the Germans and now brought back to us for repair. They ordered that work be rushed. Three days later they came to see how we progressed. Alas! No work done! We had not had a towing machine to haul it into the shop! They sent us a towing machine. Three days—and when the official called, we said we would have to make tests; the boiler still seemed to leak. At last we made delivery, ten days late—but to the wrong station, a hundred miles away! That's the way it goes, old fellow."

And from another plant near Paris:

"Of course our tactics bring them crashing on our heads. They fine us our pay and shoot a few of us. We have to hide to eat, because they would grab our crusts, and they will not let us warm ourselves near the stoves. But none of that matters. We'll pay any penalty to hurry the end—Liberation!"

The civilians match this game as well as they can. They are always politely irritating to the German overlords who want so much to be popular. They write and scatter anti-German poems and pamphlets. Of course every wall in France is covered with Vs by now.

A letter from Normandy:

"Five workmen of our village were killed by the English air raiders last week, and the Germans shot down two of the Englishmen. The Germans gave decorations to the five widows and had an official funeral for the victims, ordering everybody in the village to attend. We did, of course. But next day, when the two Englishmen were buried, the whole village was there again, including the widows, who stood in black and prayed for the Englishmen. The Germans were outraged."

And from Colmar, in Alsace:

"Last armistice day there was to be a grand parade, and 'they' ordered every soul to witness it. But one hour before the parade started 'somebody' turned loose a million snails, each painted with the French tricolor. The snails clogged traffic and stopped the parade. Of course, that night 'they' put four girls in jail for giving food to escaped de Gaullists. But something like that is always expected."

A straw to indicate the strength of winds like this may have been shown us in a recent order of Pétain's government: "No French doctor or dentist or nurse will be permitted henceforth to treat any German soldier or official." We may deduce that there had been cases in which the Germans had unaccountably failed to get well!

The German reprisals are brutal and ceaseless. They have made thousands of raids and arrests. Hundreds of hostages are always kept in jail, ready for the firing squad when another German soldier is shot from ambush. The number of such killings of innocent hostages has passed count, but they have done no good. No Frenchman has yet been turned in by his compatriots for striking at the enemy.

Here is the final letter, from Paris:

"Despite all the savage hardships and deprivations, the soul of the people has not weakened. Ninety per cent in occupied France hold firm and think rightly. The college youth has been denied education, except practical work and technical exercises, but it remains faithful to the ideals and traditions. And immense confidence, too, remains. How could it be otherwise when we know that we have friends—in Russia and America and England and China?

"But we need to be sustained and encouraged. We do not get the real news from our friends; 'they' will not let us have it. We know nothing of America these days, except that the Americans are with us. Without the BBC we should be buried in night. *Enlighten us!*"

What man of honor and decency and conscience can read such things as these and fail to understand that he has grave duties, grave responsibilities? First, to make very sure that no such blight falls upon us in America. Second, to accept the obligation which the times have laid upon us, and take on the lofty task of restoring liberty to a world enslaved.

These people, you see, believe in us. Can we do less than believe in ourselves?

Next week's article will tell of the Nazi torments and of the undying will to resist in Czechoslovakia, in western Russia, and in Greece.

Mr. HI and Mr. HATT "burro" trouble

I'll ride along with Kessler's, pal-
The smoothest drink I've met.
You think the first one's perfect,
But the second's better yet!
HI
HAT
KESSLER'S Private Blend
KESSLER'S Private Blend BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JULIUS KESSLER DISTILLING CO. INC. BALTIMORE, MD. LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"
KESSLER'S
BLENDED WHISKEY

75% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Baltimore, Md.; Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

Marlene Dietrich and Richard Barthelmess in a tumultuous melodrama, The Spoilers.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ THE SPOILERS (for horse-opera hoop-la)

If you go for Westerns, as I do, you'll be a push-over for this show. It's jammed full of shootings, fist fights, and pitched battles. Right on top of a jail break comes a bank blast, and there's a runaway train for added spectacle. Meanwhile the atmosphere of a frontier town is sketched in solidly. One might even say decoratively, since Marlene Dietrich presides over the gambling emporium.

The story is based on Rex Beach's novel of early mining days in Alaska. It has been made before—some three times to be exact—but it still stands up well as dramatic material. That's because it has a good deal more to chronicle than mere rough-and-tumble melodrama. Here's a picture of a hurly-burly period on the last outpost of our national expansion. It's a vivid chunk of history as well as an exciting horse opera.

For law and order came very slowly to Nome at the height of the gold rush. Claims were jumped and falsified. Guns spoke far more persuasively than legal writs. Beach got all of this into his yarn. The new picture has it. With John Wayne in the hero's role once played by Gary Cooper, Randolph Scott as a crooked commissioner, and La Dietrich as proprietress of Nome's most glittering gin mill, the acting matches the action.

The picture holds out on its audience for a while. You are likely to guess wrong on just who the spoilers are in the show, until the commissioner, a corrupt judge, and a seemingly nice young girl tip their hands. Then you know that Roy Glennister, partner in the fabulous Midas mine, and the gambling-hall queen are the real hero and heroine of the melodrama. Under Ray Enright's shrewd direction, the film has a lot of suspense as well as excitement.

The fights, of course, are the rousing interludes in the production. There are all sorts of them. The romance is never stressed, but it has considerable persuasion. La Dietrich, done up in the fanciest pompadour you ever saw, is toughly sentimental as the head of the gambling joint. Marietta Canty as a husky, dusky maid looking for a colored boy where there aren't any, contributes some uproarious comedy to the proceedings. And there is even a quick flash of Robert W. Service composing The Shooting of Dan McGrew in the gin-and-gambling palace.

Horse opera calls for the straightest sort of acting. It has it, in this instance. Wayne and Scott make strongly contrasting figures as the hero and villain. Harry Carey is fine as Roy's partner who has trouble keeping his ancient musket from going off when he doesn't like people. William Farnum has an effective bit as an honest lawyer, and Richard Barthelmess is another veteran screen actor who adds a sharp bit of make-believe to the entertainment. For those who like violent and colorful Westerns, The Spoilers is the ticket.

(Universal.)

★ ★ ★ TWIN BEDS (for slapstick acting)

A hand-picked company romps through an antique farce in this zany concoction. Without the players, the old stage success by Margaret Mayo and Salisbury Fields would scarcely have stood dusting off. As it is, they whip up quite a bit of amusing slapstick. Frankly, I'm not particularly keen on bedroom farce of the vintage variety. But if it's going to be made, this would seem to be the only way to work the trick.

There's been an attempt to bring the show up to date. Joan Bennett, who plays the busy wife who has no time for her husband, is very natty in a USO uniform. Otherwise the film might have been set in almost any period. The plot is more concerned with a game of hide-and-seek between several husbands and wives than with contemporary manners. It's slapstick or nothing with Twin Beds.

The clowning is broad, but it has a way of being very funny. With Mischa Auer trying to escape from an apartment which he entered by mistake and hiding in a cedar chest, and Ernest Truex being robbed of his clothes and locked in a closet, the show has some uproarious interludes. Since Joan Bennett is excellent in her portrayal of the harassed wife, and George Brent, as the unsuspecting husband, plays dead-pan, the picture keeps spinning along, whether or not it has any rhyme or reason.

Incidentally, the production has been smartly turned out and it has the benefit of adroit staging by Tim Whelan. Thanks to the acting and direction, an old bonnet has been made to look rather jaunty.

(United Artists.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—My Favorite Blonde, Reap the Wild Wind, The Gold Rush, To Be or Not to Be, Mister V, Woman of the Year.

★★★—In This Our Life, Rings on Her Fingers, Kipling's Jungle Book, The Tuttles of Tahiti, To the Shores of Tripoli, Rio Rita, The Male Animal, I Married an Angel, The Invaders, The Fleet's In, The Courtship of Andy Hardy, Song of the Islands, Roxie Hart, Ride 'Em Cowboy, Captains of the Clouds, Joe Smith, American, Son of Fury, Dangerously They Live, The Bugle Sounds.

SHE LEARNED TO SAY YES—Continued from Page 13

fragrant curls. But now he no longer entered her room. . . .

At the sound of running feet in the hall, Elena quickly checked her bitter brooding. The door burst open and Albert loped in noisily without remembering to knock. He was a tall gangling boy of twelve, with his father's sensitive mouth, slate-blue eyes, and thick dark hair.

☆ "MOTHER," he said eagerly, his eyes flashing at her, his breath coming in excited gasps, "we fellers have founded a secret club, and we want to celebrate. I'm president. Tom and Nat have gone home to pick up a few potatoes and buns, and we've got a dozen frankfurters in the icebox. May we build a fire in the garden fireplace and cook our supper outdoors? We'll be awful careful."

"No, son," Elena said shortly. "Not tonight. Bertha already has prepared your supper. And you have lessons to do. Call your friends and tell them some other night. Perhaps Friday or Saturday . . ."

"Aw, heck, mother!" Albert groaned. "Why can't you let me do something that's fun once in a while?"

"You know that you aren't supposed to play on school nights. You shouldn't neglect your lessons or your sleep."

"But, golly, mother, there's no harm . . . It's an important occasion and . . ."

"Albert! Stop that! You're old enough, son, to know . . ."

"I'm old enough," Albert pointed out angrily, "to build a fire outdoors! I'm old enough to have a few *rights!* I'm old enough to know a lot of things. I didn't expect you to say yes. You never do. You always say, 'No, no, no! You can't do this! You can't do that!' No wonder dad stays at the club half the time. No wonder he prefers Miss Jakes!" He whirled on his heels and stalked out, slamming the door with all his young might.

Elena stood in the middle of the room, white and still. Out of a maze of despairing emotions one sharp thought emerged to frighten and appall her. Her son *knew!* And, knowing, he sided with his father. Perhaps—perhaps he would want to live with his father and Vera Jakes after the divorce. He's old enough, she thought a little wildly, to make his own decisions about that. *Or is he?*

Like his father, Albert was growing away from her. She had to do something to stop it. To stop both of them. But what? Albert had said, "You always say no, no, no! No wonder dad prefers Miss Jakes!" She stood rigid, repeating his words. And when she had finished, she saw with sudden clarity the truth of the indictment.

She *was* always saying no. She'd said it to the children—oh, perhaps on an average of once or twice a day ever since they were old enough to have the "You gimmies" and the "I wanters." A long list of noes began marching relentlessly across her mind, noes that had left a wake of childish tears and sometimes temper fits and impudences.

But oftentimes, she defended herself, you have to say no to your children for their own good. Still, the word "no" shouldn't spring to the lips automatically whenever there is the slightest doubt, simply because it is less trouble than saying yes. It should not become a habit, a don't-bother-me-now-I-have-other-things-on-my-mind refuge. Are you guilty of that crime against your children? Against your husband?

Suddenly Elena recalled an article she had read, months ago, in a magazine she had picked up at the beauty parlor. It was an interview with a famous motion-picture star who always played the part of the other woman brilliantly.

"A wife," the star was quoted as having said brightly, "should ward against the tyrannic habit of saying no. The other woman always says yes—because she has to, to keep the man at her side instead of at home, where he belongs."

At that time Elena had considered the quote rather shrewd, concocted, no doubt, by a clever publicity agent. It had amused her. But now . . .

Be honest with yourself, Elena Stanley. You've spent weeks futilely groping for an answer to everything. Perhaps this is it. Perhaps Albert has helped you stumble upon it. And no alibis, please. Of course you were busy. You were tired. Your head ached. Or you were upset. So you slid out of things by saying no. And then your children were upset and resentful and unhappy.

And what about Philip? How many times in the past fourteen years have you said no to him? Be honest. Hundreds of times? Perhaps thousands! Don't hedge by arguing that most of them were noes to little things. You know that little things added together over the years can make or break a marriage.

"Elena!" It was Philip's voice, calling from the foot of the stairs. "Aren't you ready yet?"

"No," she started to say, but caught herself just in time. "Yes—coming." She picked up her wrap and bag and gloves and went quickly, almost eagerly, down the stairs.

☆ PHILIP stood in the hall with his white scarf and topcoat flung over his arm. He was a man of striking appearance, tall, broad-shouldered, with slate-blue eyes that once had been clear and challenging. Now they were veiled, withdrawn. He looked up only briefly to acknowledge her presence. "Hello. I'm afraid we're going to be late."

"Not if we hurry," she said lightly. "How are you, Philip?"

"I'm all right, my dear. A little tired perhaps. The cab is waiting. Is that velvet thing warm enough?"

"Yes, thank you."

After that the conversation dwin-

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dled to a stilted silence which lasted until they reached the Freedmans' palatial house on Massachusetts Avenue. Freedman was one of the wiser senators. He had had forethought enough to marry a fortune on his second trip to the altar. Long ago he had learned that ten thousand a year was little more than chicken feed in Washington. His salary barely covered his personal expenses. His wealthy, gregarious wife took care of everything else, operating on the grand scale.

The dinner was little different from dozens of others Elena and Philip had attended in the past six years. Except that now, of course, the conversation centered upon the one all-important subject—war.

At ten o'clock Philip came around to where she was sitting amid a cluster of wives in the music room. "Do you think it possible for us to slip away?"

Once again she was on the point of saying, "No, Philip. The Baileys haven't left yet, and they are the ranking guests—not we." But, remembering, she said simply, "Yes."

Outside, in the cab, he gave her another chance to experiment with the word yes. "Would you care to come to the Shoreham for a nightcap?"

Ordinarily she would have said "No, thank you, Philip. I'm tired." And he would have said, "Then I'll see you home." And she would have said, "Oh, no. If you're staying at the club tonight, there's no need." Thus she would have freed him for a visit with Vera Jakes, who was probably expecting him. But tonight she said, smiling, "Yes, I'd love a nightcap."

He gave her a surprised glance, then leaned forward to direct the driver.

They had not one but two nightcaps. They danced. People dropped by the table. It was two o'clock when finally they reached the house. At her door Philip said "Good night" very briefly and went to his own room.

Elena undressed slowly and got into bed. Her heart was lighter than it had been in months. The evening had not been a success, but still it had not been a complete failure.

* * *

THERE was a light knock on her door. "Who is it?"

"Mother," Albert called softly, "may I see you for a moment?"

"Yes, son," she said quickly. "Come in."

He came running and leaned his elbows on the bed. His eyes were wet. "Mother, I—I couldn't sleep for feeling so ashamed. I want to apologize. I didn't mean those nasty things I said to you. I won't do it again—ever."

"You're forgiven, darling." She rumpled his hair.

"You're not angry?"

"I'm not the least bit angry. Now run along to bed, and tomorrow night you may roast potatoes and frankfurters in the garden fireplace." . . .

In the first weeks of the war the city of Washington changed swiftly from a gay cocktail center to a grim twenty-four-hour-a-day general headquarters. Guns peered from strategic rooftops. Sentinels guarded all bridges and government property. Government officials, as well as army and navy officers, worked long stretches without relaxation. Defense workers poured into the city. Government wives abandoned elaborate parties and even clothes in favor of wholesome recreations and Red Cross uniforms. Partying was carried on, however, in the guise of benefits for this and that.

The Philip Stanley household in Chevy Chase changed, too, but, oddly enough, it became a happier, gayer home than it had ever been before. Although Elena and Philip had plunged immediately into war work, the children were allowed to entertain their friends, pursue new hobbies, obey sudden whims. The sound of young laughter swept through the house in gales, and there were no more tears. The word "yes" had replaced the word "no" in Elena's vocabulary, and it was paying dividends. At least so far as the children were concerned.

But not only were they happier; it seemed to her that Philip was beginning to change ever so slightly. He spent more nights at home and fewer at the club. At every opportunity she used the soft answer on him too, but of course there were many things he did not ask of her.

* * *

ONE morning, after breakfast, she waved her family off for the day, then went to her room to dress. En route she picked up the morning paper and glanced over the tragic headlines. Manila had fallen weeks ago, and now Singapore was threatened. She turned the page quickly in search of brighter news.

An item in a gossip column caught and held her eye: "What has happened to the undercover romance of a certain high ranker? Has his charming wife outmaneuvered his charming secretary? Or is he too busy to care any more?"

She experienced a curious elation. But then in the next breath she knew that she was being unduly optimistic. She hadn't outmaneuvered Vera Jakes, of course, although perhaps she was making faint progress in the right direction. Vera Jakes, however, was not a topic of conversation between her and Philip. Neither had mentioned her name to the other since Philip had asked for his freedom.

Did he still want this other woman? Elena didn't know. But she was almost sure that he was beginning to have doubts. The lines were deepening between his eyes, and often at night she could hear him puttering restlessly around his room. She longed to go to him, break through the barrier he had raised between them. But she remembered all too vividly the hysterics she had resorted to on that first unforgettable day of disillusionment—the tears she had shed, the humble pleadings she had poured out, the harsh recriminations. She would never, never make that mistake again.

There was a sound of steps on the stairs, and Philip stood in the door. "May I come in?"

She masked her surprise behind a

careful smile. "Yes—yes, of course."

"I came back," he said, standing stiffly beside her, "to tell you that I'm not going to hand in my resignation, as I had planned to do. I thought you ought to know."

Her throat tightened. There was pride and something else in her voice. "I was sure you—you wouldn't quit when you were needed so badly."

"This is a time," Philip went on, with inexorable steadiness, "when we have to put aside our personal desires. Winning this war is the only thing that matters now. Would you be willing to —to carry on—as we have been doing—for the duration?"

The room revolved queerly. She wanted to cry out in sharp dismay, "No, Philip! I—I can't bear it. This war may go on for years! You've got to make a choice now. Publicly. This pretense is tearing my heart out. I need you. Love me, Philip—not her!"

But with iron control she checked herself. This was no little thing he was asking of her. This was the acid test. "Yes, Philip," she said in a low, strained voice. "I will. Does—does *she* know?"

"I'm going to tell her this morning," he said. "Good-by, Elena. I'll see you at dinner. And thank you, my dear."

Then he was gone.

She spent the morning making surgical dressings at the Walsh House, but all the while tormenting herself with imaginary versions of the conversation that was to take place between Philip and his secretary.

What would Vera say to him when he told her that he wanted to postpone their marriage until the war was over? That all of their romantic plans for a honeymoon on Philip's Texas ranch were postponed indefinitely? Would she cry? Make a scene? Throw herself into his arms? Would she whisper to him bravely that the wedding part didn't matter so much, as long as they loved each other? That doing their part to help win the war was all-important? Or would she refuse to understand? *The other woman always says yes, because she has to. . . .*

* * *

ELENA knew this was the acid test for Vera too, the slim girl with wheat-gold hair and violet eyes who had stolen Philip's love. She had youth and beauty, but Elena suspected there was a hard quality behind those eyes. She had betrayed flashes of brilliance and ruthlessness and ambition. She had been Philip's secretary for six years. Did she really love him?

Elena lunched at Red Cross headquarters, then drove away in her car. She felt a desperate need to be alone. She parked near the zoo and plunged off across the hills, walking swiftly against the wind. It was almost dark when finally she reached home, her heart strengthened and quieted.

Bertha met her at the door with a worried expression on her black face. "The telephone's been ringing constantly, Miss Elena. And four ladies left cards. Practically everybody in town's been trying to talk to you this afternoon. Reporters and everything. What's happened?"

The color fled from Elena's cheeks. "I—I don't know. Where are the children?"

"They're all right. Miss Judy's over at Miss Suzana's, knittin', and Mr. Albert and the Reynolds boys are out collecting old newspapers and magazines for the junk dealer."

The telephone rang again and Bertha started toward it. "Never mind," Elena said. "I'll answer it."

"Darling! I've been trying to reach you for hours!" The voice was that of the wife of a Cabinet officer, one of Elena's closest friends. "Ever since that—that person called me."

"What person?"

"Oh, you mean you don't *know?* Oh, dear, this is dreadful! Your husband's secretary called me at noon and coolly informed me that you and Philip had separated, and to please in the future address any invitations to him at his club, *not* at his home in Chevy Chase. Is that true, Elena?"

"I'm afraid not," Elena said steadily. "Philip was here this morning. And I'm expecting him home for dinner."

"Then, why . . . what made her . . .?"

"I'm sorry." Elena spoke carefully, through ashen lips. "I'd rather not talk about it. Do you mind?"

"I just want you to know, my dear, that any invitations *I* send out will be addressed to you and your husband at your home."

"Thank you," Elena said weakly, and hung up. Another call came through immediately.

"Mrs. Philip Stanley?"

"Yes."

"Tim Flint speaking, of the Morning Sun. It's being noised about town that you and Mr. Stanley have separated. Any statement?"

"No," Elena said.

"But, according to the afternoon papers . . ."

"Mr. Stanley was here for breakfast. I am expecting him home for dinner. Does that answer your implied question?"

"Well, not exactly. You see . . ."

Elena hung up. She had heard the evening paper hit the front porch. She hurried after it.

The story was on the front page, beneath the war headlines. There was a picture of her and Philip, snapped as they had left the house for the last White House reception. And under it a strange caption: "A long rumored marital rift was verified today when Mr. Philip Stanley, through his secretary, Miss Vera Jakes, announced that he had separated from his wife, and that any future invitations were to be sent to him at his club. Mrs. Stanley will go to Reno immediately. The Philip Stanleys have two children . . ."

There was more. Something about Philip being tied up all afternoon at a White House conference. Something about Philip being slated for a bigger job in the proposed reorganization for all-out war production, his private life

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permitting. But Elena had read enough.

"I'm not at home to any one," she said to Bertha, removing the receiver from its hook. "And you don't know anything. Mr. Stanley will be home for dinner. Do you understand?"

She didn't, but she said "Yessum," and waddled off to the kitchen.

Elena went swiftly up the stairs to her room and sat down by the window. She pressed the palms of trembling hands against hot cheeks.

What would Philip do now?

Of one thing she was certain. Philip had not had a hand in circulating that astonishing announcement. He would not break off diplomatic relations with her in such a brittle fashion. The announcement was Vera Jakes' idea—her wrathful answer to the question he must have put to her that morning.

Vera Jakes did not love Philip. Or if she did, it was a purely selfish love. She'd rather ruin his reputation in Washington, precipitate a showdown—a scandal, at this inappropriate time—than run the risk of losing him. She was making no sacrifices. She was through waiting. She was forcing him to keep his promise to her regardless, forcing Elena to go to Reno. *The other woman was daring to say no, after all.*

☆ ELENA heard the children come in and go to their rooms to clean up for dinner. There was no laughter in the house now, only whispering, and she wondered if they knew. She was grateful that they did not come rushing to her with questions she could not answer. There was nothing she could do but wait for Philip to come home, making no moves that might add meat to the bones of scandal already rattling over the city.

At length she heard Philip's car in the drive, Philip's steps on the stairs. He came in without knocking and shut the door. She saw that he was pale and that his eyes were shadowed.

"You've heard," he said heavily.

She nodded mutely.

He stared down at her, his mouth twisting with emotion. "I came straight to you," he said, "as soon as I could get away. To ask your forgiveness, Elena. I've been blind. Blind and cruel and selfish. Thinking only of myself. And you've been wonderful. I know now that—that what you think of me matters more than anything. If—if you can forgive me, then I can weather whatever comes of this—this ridiculous publicity. I may be *asked* to resign now. Washington can't tolerate scandals when there's a war to be won."

The remoteness was gone from his eyes and Elena saw things there which filled her with soaring confidence. "You're too valuable a man to be banished from Washington just because you had a yen for your secretary," she said. "Of course I forgive you, Philip. This thing will blow over. We'll face it down together."

He took a step toward her. "You still love me—after I've hurt you so?"

She looked at him in a tender, critical way. "Yes," she said simply. "You know I do."

He smiled at her incredulously. Then he shook his head, as if an unwelcome thought had intruded. "I—I told Vera this morning that our plans had to be postponed for the duration. I asked her to co-operate. But she refused. She was afraid that you . . . that I would stop wanting her. She said that we must go through with our plans now—or never."

"And what did you say, Philip?"

"I tried to make her see . . . but I had to leave, to attend an important conference. She spent the next hour telephoning everybody on our calling list, pretending that I had directed her to make such a—such an ungallant announcement of our separation. Ungallant to you, I mean. She was determined to drive you to Reno."

Now his face was haggard with the shock of Vera's ruthlessness, and with an avalanche of self-recriminations. "We had it out," he added hoarsely. "She—she's leaving Washington, Elena. I want you to know that what we felt for each other is finished—dead. It was like a sickness . . ." He passed a hand wearily over his eyes.

"You mean—she has resigned?"

"Something like that." He reached for her then, his eyes pleading for forgiveness and understanding. "I know I don't deserve it, but . . . I need your love, Elena. I need the children . . . and our home. . . . It's the one bright spot on a dark globe. Are you really going to—to take me back?"

"Yes, Philip," Elena said softly, lifting eloquent eyes. "Yes. . . ."

THE END

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

THE STRONG CITY, by Taylor Caldwell.

Three years or so ago it became known that the author of the best-seller novel Dynasty of Death was a Buffalo matron quite unknown to the literary critics. The air of authority with which she developed that story of the founding and growth of a powerful family-controlled munitions industry aroused considerable curiosity as to her sources. It became obvious with the publication of sequels that the author is a novelist, not a One-Book Wonder. It is clearer than ever now.

Following truly her interest in the composition of character that impels individuals to jettison the common large and small urges in a single-purpose drive for absolute dominance, Caldwell again goes to the industrial battleground of the nineteenth-century United States. In a Pennsylvania steel town she focuses upon Franz Stoessel, a cold-eyed young Prussian immigrant in the mill which was the pride of the fat and content Herr Schmidt.

It is the tragedy of Germany that the Schmidts are push-overs for the Stoessels, who are driven by an inward devil of dark vanity that permits no comfort, no rest, even after attainment. Even the thrill of contest dourly enjoyed by opponents just as unscrupulous wasn't there for Stoessel, and only his crippled brother-in-law saw him clear and was able to leash him.

This isn't a lollipop. It sticks to the ribs. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

☆ TAKE home your bundles in a shopping bag and smile, smile, smile. Anna Lord Strauss, president of the New York League of Women Voters, tells me ladies everywhere are cheerfully responding to her organization's call for self-service in package toting. "We have allowed the delivery of merchandise to become a costly extravagance," she said, "and with all available men and motor power needed now for defense, we just can't afford it as a nation." . . . Miss Strauss believes we won't mind carrying home what we buy—probably we'll enjoy it. "At Christmas," she observes, "the sight of every one carrying armloads of packages seems jolly and friendly. It should help us feel closer together in these troubled times." . . . Lamp shades, I learn, and tea kettles, and raw rhubarb with the green part sticking out behind—all hard to wrap, liable to come undone—prove most embarrassing to the bundle-shy. And women aren't the only package dodgers. Some men throw fits if asked to haul any article that isn't small and tidy.

☆ SIXTY-FIVE lovely pieces of antique glass gave me an emotional stir when I saw them exhibited recently at the showrooms of Steuben, Inc. Coming over from England, their ship had been torpedoed, sunk; but the crate of glass floated ashore; was saved; went to sea again. Included are ancient goblets with coins of Queen Anne and George II blown into their hollow knops; Jacobite glasses engraved with the Stuart rose, a bud for each embattled son of the Scottish throne; eight rare ships' decanters, serpentine cut, veterans of fighting voyages in Napoleonic times. This fragile crystal glows with the deathless history of Britannia.

☆ NOW that Lord Beaverbrook will put in a good deal of time here on war-supply business, Washington hostesses may be interested to know he is the fastest scrambled-egg eater I've ever watched in action. At an outdoor breakfast-conference one summer day at his Putney mansion, I marveled at the astounding yet graceful speed with which he tucked scrambled eggs away. And I greatly admired his technique for dealing with any one who disagreed with his opinions. At the first contradictory word he'd break off the conversation with apologies, summon a secretary, dictate an urgent letter. By the time this had been done the argument would be forgotten and the talk resumed, with Lord Beaverbrook's point uncontested. A neat strategy. He grinned when he saw I'd caught on.

☆ BUFFET-SUPPER wisdom demands at least one hot substantial dish along with the cold cuts, salads, sweet things, and iced beverages. This *Delaware Potato Pudding* fills the bill deliciously. . . . Use a deep fireproof casserole that looks appetizing enough to serve from. Slice 6 cold boiled potatoes fairly thin. In buttered casserole arrange layer potatoes; cover with narrow strips cold ham and a little cream sauce. Add salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon minced parsley. Second layer potatoes next; then sliced hard-boiled eggs moistened with cream sauce; third layer potatoes; then layer cooked cauliflower, also in cream sauce. Top is potato slices sprinkled with bread crumbs and grated cheese. Bake till brown in moderate oven—about ½ hour. Fresh asparagus salad on the side.

☆ CLARK GABLE is credited with the invention of a pocket gadget now being made as an accessory for feminine handbags—a silver case, about two inches by three, opening like a book to hold blank checks all folded and ready when you go shopping. Very swell, swank, etc. . . . Soprano Jean Tennyson of opera and radio wears a novel announcement embroidered in tiny letters on her sleeve. It says, "If you can read this, mister, you're near enough!" . . . Restful for tired feet and legs is the new foot flexer, a melon-shaped exercise ball to roll under your aching arches.

☆ BEST spy-and-crime thriller I've read this spring: the new Gelett Burgess murder mystery, Ladies in Boxes. (Published by the Alliance Book Corporation.)

☆ FAREWELL flings staged by boys bound for camp have been too much for one smart society gal of my acquaintance. "Instead of joining them when they phone from late night clubs," she says, "I now get up at dawn and invite them to breakfast. Send them off full of corned-beef hash, black coffee, and vitamin tablets. They feel better. So do I."

Torpedoed, adrift in a crate, rescued, and reshipped! Now they're safe on this side.

THIS MAN'S WA

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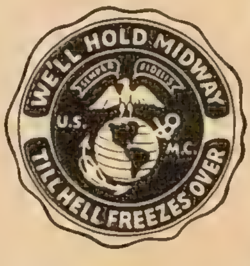
☆ REMEMBERING your splendid tribute in a recent issue of Liberty to the marines of Wake, Guam, and Midway, I thought you might be interested in seeing and perhaps reproducing this seal on your page, since the words so definitely express the spirit of the marines of Midway. They ordered these metal seals made up and we've just shipped off a supply to Midway. The seal was designed by Captain J. W. Howe of the Marine Corps.



Helene M. Selby, Honolulu, T. H.

Based on my confidential long-range weather forecasts for the nether regions, I'd advise the Japs to forget all about Midway and thereby save themselves a lot of trouble. The marines ain't foolin'.

One of my sons is now at Camp Blanding, Florida. Nearly every letter we receive from him cites some instance of profiteering, highjacking, or plain piracy on the part of the merchants in that vicinity. Fortunately, my wife and I can afford to keep our son supplied with essentials, but there are thousands of others of our boys who are not so fortunate. Please, through your column, put the issue squarely up to these money-grabbing merchants. Tell them they may make a few extra dollars from our men now, but it will be chicken feed to what they will lose later. Are they fools enough to think we will so easily forget the way they are cheating the very men who are training to help fight their war?

H. A. T., Royal Oak, Mich.

I've received many other letters saying the same thing, and complaints can't be localized in any one section of the country. There seem to be a few gyp artists in the vicinity of every large camp who bring disrepute to their communities and make it tough for the honest merchants. They should be boycotted by soldiers and civilians both. If there's any one I hate, it's a guy who gyps a soldier.

Why don't the fellows down here in Trinidad get a little more attention than they do—if any? It seems that the camps in the States occupy all the space in the papers, while we fellows in foreign service are forgotten. This island of Trinidad is one of the most important bases in the Caribbean area, yet I will be willing to wager that nine out of ten people in the States can't even tell you where it is located—or even know that it exists. Why not more write-ups about this place? Aren't there any reporters in the service stationed here in Trinidad who could be elected to send a monthly report on the different activities of the forces, so that maybe a little notice could be obtained?

Sgt. R. H. F., Waller Field, Trinidad, B. W. I.

Hey, wait a minute. Not so long ago I ran a fine, long letter from Trinidad. And don't fool yourself that the men in the Caribbean bases are forgotten. 'Tain't so, McGee. But that report idea is swell. Elect your correspondent and tell him to send the news along.

Does the present Selective Service Act permit a selectee to be sent overseas after being in the Army only ten weeks? If so, will he be exposed to actual combat upon his arrival at destination? It does not seem to the writer that ten weeks in the Army would make a soldier fit for overseas service. I refer to the case of my brother, who, I understand, has been shipped out after only ten weeks of domestic service training.

G. H. P., Richmond, Va.

A selectee can be sent anywhere in the world at any time after induction if it is in the best interests of national defense (let's make that word attack) to do so. But it is not the Army's policy ever to throw an untrained man into a combat zone except under extreme emergency conditions. Lots of men in the last war were on their way to France almost before they'd broken in their Army shoes. I know—I was one of them. Some of us were lucky enough to get complete training behind the lines before we were sent into action. The others—well, the "breakage" was pretty high. That taught us a lesson, and this time the job is being done properly. I wouldn't worry about my brother, if I were you. He'll get his training here or over there. But he'll get it.

Talk about tough N. C. O.s! We've got plenty, but the "First Mate" makes the rest look like buttercups. He was in the last mix-up in 1917 and is about as hard-boiled as they come. When he whispers, it sounds like a small tornado; and when he starts roaring orders, we send men outside to keep the tents from blowing away. Just when you're getting to admire the rugged old bird, he gives you ##--%%"& for some mistake in handling your horse, and you feel like taking a poke at him. But he's the kind of guy that has made the 76th the toughest and finest horse outfit in the U. S. We'll prove that when we land in Tokyo and start chasing "the little man on the white horse."

Pfc. H. R. D., Fort Ord, Calif.

So they still like 'em tough in the horse outfits, eh? Well, I had a top kick once who only had to start to open his mouth and they'd break out storm warnings all down the coast. Any other nominations for the toughest N. C. O. championship? They'd better be good!

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over to British staff officers, and Marshall meets not only with his American colleagues but with the British as well. Such a meeting is the "Combined Chiefs of Staff," and it may include a seasoning of Dutch and Chinese chiefs, depending on the problems.

Staff conferences begin at two and run all afternoon, sometimes well past the dinner hour. Here it is decided whether a transport of United States troops en route to Australia shall be rerouted to India; whether the Queen Mary, carrying one whole American division, shall be dropped off at Natal to guard the bulge of Brazil or shall go round the Cape of Good Hope to the Indian Ocean. Here are decided the vital questions of how thin to spread this country's precious supply of bombers and fighter planes between Russia, Australia, and China; whether to take the offensive in Norway or Siberia.

And the strategy devised at four o'clock may have to be revised at five with the arrival of late news from the front.

Details of war-council decisions are taken by General Marshall and Admiral King to the President himself. For Roosevelt takes most seriously the constitutional mandate making him commander in chief of the armed forces. And while he does not interfere, he and Winston Churchill have laid out the broad lines of strategy, and the President keeps an eagle eye on every detail of their execution. It was Churchill who, last December, insisted on prosecuting the ill-fated Libyan campaign, and it was Roosevelt who supported Churchill despite the reluctance of the American joint chiefs.

With the war going badly, Marshall has had little occasion to be gay. But the other day he was showing some friends his collection of cartoons about himself, and when he came to the one about a boy coming back from V. M. I. he burst out laughing. The cartoon shows the old home folks gathered in front of the Uniontown, Pennsylvania, post office, gazing at the young cadet just back for the holidays from the Virginia Military Institute. The local wits are making cracks at him, but young George Marshall, in his new uniform, is grinning broadly. One of the wits is saying, "His pa is the only Democrat in Uniontown."

"And that," says Marshall, "is why I went to V. M. I. instead of West Point." In those Republican days of President McKinley he failed to get an appointment to the Military Academy.

That also accounts in part for the fact that Marshall is only the second chief of staff in history not a West Point graduate (the other was Leonard Wood). The rest of the story is that of a gangling, sandy-haired youngster who boned so hard that he came out "first captain" in his class at V. M. I.; whose maps of the Big Bend country in Texas, made while a lieutenant, still are standard for the War Department; who served for five years as aide to Pershing; and who during the last war executed the most brilliant of all American strategy in France, the transferring of one million men from St. Mihiel to the Meuse-Argonne front.

Describing this maneuver, General Johnson Hagood said: "Four thousand cannon were moved up, with 40,000 tons of ammunition, delivered at the rate of thirteen trainloads a day. Nineteen railroads and 87 depots were established for supply. Thirty-four hospitals, 93,000 horses and mules, 164 miles of light railways and seventy-five miles of standard gauge railways were rebuilt or constructed anew. It was all done within a period of about fourteen days, at a short distance behind the lines, and no German aviator discovered it."

For this and other feats of strategy, Hagood described Marshall as the "outstanding military genius of America since Stonewall Jackson."

Marshall was only thirty-eight years old and a temporary colonel when, as chief of operations of the First Army, he performed this military miracle. Other armies would have rewarded him with the rank of general; but after the armistice he went back to the lowly humdrum rank of captain. And he had only worked up to the rank of colonel when Roosevelt reached down and lifted him up to be deputy chief of staff and later chief of the United States Army.

This subservience to seniority ingrained in the American army may be why Marshall has not been ruthless in rooting out the gone-to-seed officers, the peacetime parasites who have bogged down the American fighting force. Or the reason may be that Marshall is one of the most kindly men in the army. Unlike Black Jack Pershing, who was respected but feared by almost every doughboy in France, Marshall is loved by his men. Bawling out a commander in public is not his tactic. It is almost as if he shunned being ruthless with old military friends; and only after months of patience has he begun to clean house.

A general in modern warfare does not ride into battle waving a sword. He sits behind a desk. And in a democracy a chief of staff has to spend part of his time milking money out of Congress. Today, of course, that job is easy. But even prior to the war no chief of staff in years had been so popular with the inquisitors on Capitol Hill.

One of the army's severest critics is Congressman Albert J. Engel of Michigan, who accused the War Department of 30 per cent waste in cantonment construction—and then went out and proved it. Marshall's reaction to this, instead of going into a grouch, was to declare:

"Engel puts ants in our pants, but he's a damn good inspector."

And if you ask army gadfly Engel what he thinks of the chief of staff, he says:

"I swear by Marshall."

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PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS:

People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Marshall's mind is under discipline; he makes it work for him. He has the faculty of being able to focus it. When a problem is brought before him, he casts out other problems that may be lingering, so that the new one can be seen clearly and without intrusion. This is his secret for quick and incisive action.

He can do this mental focusing even in a taxi. He is frequently called before Congressional committees, and many a time he has done his cramming in a cab between the Munitions Building and the Capitol. It may be cantonments, it may be lend-lease, or it may be Alaska—whatever the subject, his aides ride with him to "the Hill" and cram him with what he must know for the particular Congressional hearing. And his presentation is done with amazing lucidity.

Many a general attempting a difficult exposition falls back on the handy evasion that he is a man of action, not words. Marshall needs no such evasion. He has the words. By constant association with books, he remains more literate than most professional students. In the days when he had time to go out in the evening, his host would find him lingering at the bookshelves, and when he left for home there would be a borrowed book under his arm. He receives great numbers of books—gifts of friends and gifts of strangers. He takes them all home and reads them all, or enough at least to get the taste of them. His favorite author is Dr. Douglas Freeman, biographer of Lee. But his reading ranges from a military treatise on the one hand to a fantasy for children on the other. He saves the driest reading for the latest hours. If he has encountered a dull book, he turns to it late, for its soporific effect.

☆ TODAY Marshall sees almost no one except the men who are running the war. He used to be accessible to members of Congress, members of the press, and various importuners. He used to answer letters from all sorts of people. A fruit vendor from his home, Uniontown, Pennsylvania, wrote him a year ago to ask if he couldn't get back into the army. Marshall took time to dictate a personal reply.

But since Pearl Harbor the ritual has changed. There is no such dictation, and only the top-ranking members of the staff and his own secretariat get into the sanctum on the second floor of the Munitions Building. The "pick-and-shovel men" rarely see him. The recent reorganization of the War Department permits him to devote his whole day to war plans and strategy, discarding the problems of organization, training, housing, and the like which once took great chunks of his time.

His staff takes pains to figure out the briefest possible presentation of necessary facts, for every second of Marshall's time must be weighed in terms of victory or defeat for a country at war.

All social functions are barred now, and this past Christmas even the children who normally come to spend the holidays remained in New York.

However, the British were in town, and at the last minute the Marshalls felt called upon to entertain them. It was really a gay party, with Lord Beaverbrook, Lord and Lady Halifax, Chief of Staff Sir John Dill, Admiral and Mrs. King, and two or three others. At the last moment Mrs. Marshall discovered that December 25 was the birthday of Sir John Dill, who was just retiring as chief of staff. She bustled about and made a birthday cake.

More difficult was the problem of getting two little flags, British and American, for decoration. The sergeant spent three hours shopping about town before he could find a British flag of the right size. Just before dinner was announced, Mrs. Marshall went into the kitchen to have one last look. The cake was beautifully decorated with holly, with the two gay flags on top. But fortunately she took a second look at the British flag and discovered a little tag hanging on it: "Made in Japan."

General Marshall engages in one type of war planning that few people know about. Once a week, on Sunday afternoon, there is a regular conference between the chief of staff of the War Department and the General of the Armies. John J. Pershing is still a full general and still the General of the Armies. He is eighty-one years old and confined to Walter Reed Hospital, but he must have his weekly conference with his former protégé and aide-de-camp, George Marshall. For five years Marshall served as aide to Pershing, and in his book General Pershing gives credit to Marshall for his famous withdrawal of American troops from St. Mihiel to the Meuse-Argonne.

Next Week

Drew Pearson and
Robert S. Allen

will tell

HOW ADMIRAL KING RUNS THE NAVY

Marshall's regular Sunday visits to Walter Reed Hospital are a touching expression of devotion and sentiment for his old chief. Pershing still believes he can win wars, and if Marshall doesn't come for their regular staff conference he is much disturbed.

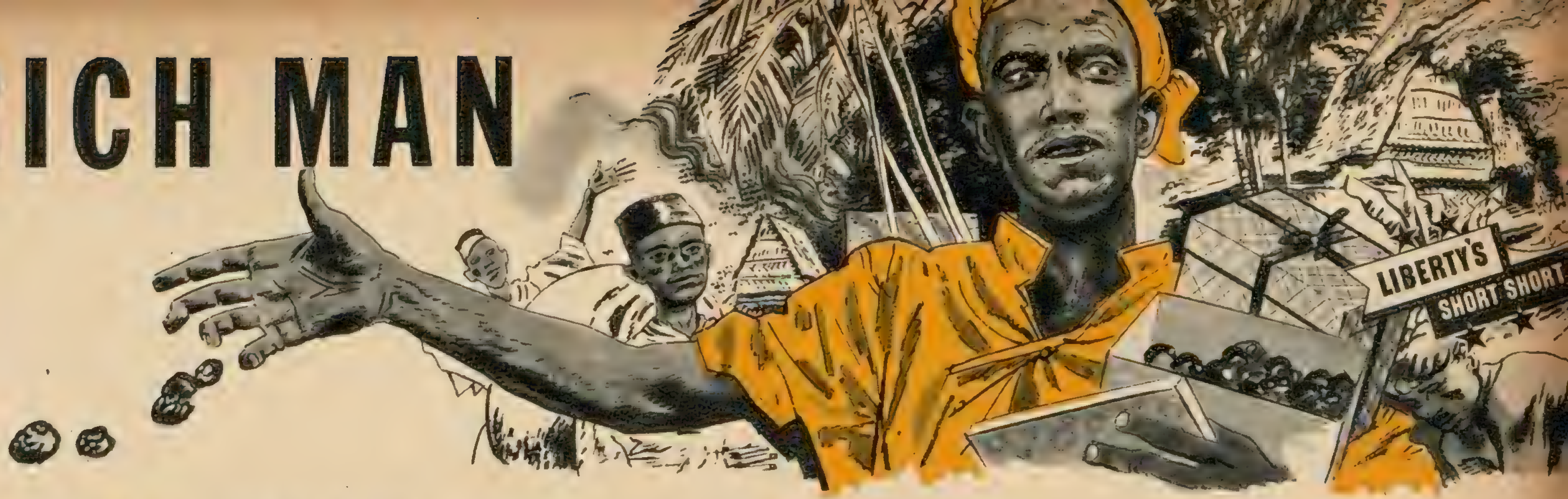
At the end of such a conference, after Pershing has expressed his opinion about a strategic problem in Australia or Alaska, Marshall rises and extends his hand.

"Thank you, general," he says.

"Thank you, general," is the reply.

THE END

RICH MAN



BY KARL DETZER

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ WHEN the Japs rolled south along the peninsula, of all the servants only Tom was unperturbed. And he wasn't really a servant and of course his name wasn't Tom. Calling him that was merely the master's whim. He reminded the master of some chap named Tom in London who couldn't have been much of a chap. For Tom was as poor a bundle of dark brown skin and bone as you'll find in Kuala Lumpur or the Unfederated States.

It was the master's whim, too, that kept him around the place. The Chinese houseboy and the cook and the Malay yardboy called him Babi sometimes, which means pig, and sometimes Kutu, which means louse, but Tom only grinned and kept on at the meanest jobs they could find. He grinned and was grateful for a rag to patch his rags or for a crust. The others despised him because he was willing to work for worthless gifts.

The master, who was in tin, of course, had been out here only four years and liked to practice the Tamil dialect. "Talk to me, Tom," he'd say. So Tom would tell stories in Tamil about the days when he had been a rubber tapper, and if they were good enough the master might toss him a copper. It was three years ago, a Sunday after tiffin, when he gave Tom the piece of candy. Tom counted time from that day—before the candy and after it—as some men count from a war or an inheritance. He didn't hope for another piece. But he dreamed of it.

"The master frets about the Japs," the Malay yardboy told him. "They will take all his tin ingots on the Georgetown docks at Penang. All rubber, food, everything."

Tom didn't fret. What had he for any Jap to take? Then one morning the cook said, "No scraps today, Kutu. They are coming. Out of my way quickly!"

Tom had heard them in the night, booming like drums far away. On the Singapore road, trucks and cars, rickshas and bicycles, and poor people clattering on wooden soles hurried south. Down at the bridges there were explosions, and planes flew over bringing more explosions, and above the Port Swettenham line the sky blackened as the white masters burned their rubber stocks. Northward the boom-boom grew louder where white men fought Japs and brown men fought beside them.

"They are foolish," Tom said. "What matter who wins?"

His master left that day, the car piled high with astonishing things. The yardboy followed him and the Chinese cook hurried off on his bicycle with a frying pan and a plucked fowl on the handle bars.

They left doors open, and Tom slipped up to the house. No one ordered him away. He went inside. They had taken little with them. He slipped from room to room, touching nothing, for he had no permission to touch. . . . But, ah, the bolo, hanging on the wall! With such a stout blade one could . . . Tom refused to think what one could do with it.

He went out into the hot sun. The burned-rubber smell grew stronger, the boom-booms nearer. Another Tamil ran past, shouting, "Quick! The rich merchants give away everything before the Japs come! Hurry!"

Tom could believe nothing so foolish, but he ran too. Then he saw the great shops — Robinson's, Little's, Whiteaway's—and saw that it was true. The white and Chinese merchants were giving everything.

The fierce doorman shouted, "Help yourself!" and grabbed Tom's arm, saying, "Go in, boy. Take what you need."

It was an order, so Tom obeyed. Inside, a thousand tongues yelled in Chinese, Malay, Tamil. Shelves fell. The white masters pushed out bolts of silk and cases of tinned food and chairs and hats, and people snatched them. Tom took a bolt of silk but put it down again. What would a person like me want with silk? he thought.

At his side a Chinese boy was filling his arms with pretty white boxes. Tom asked, "What is in them?"

"Candy," the Chinese said.

Tom stared. Candy. Boxes and boxes and boxes of *candy* such as the master had given that Sunday! Tom bit off half a piece, rolled it over and over luxuriously on his tongue. Then, grinning, he replaced the other half in the box and carefully closed the lid and found a great fiber bag and into it crammed many boxes.

Again the doorman did not halt him. He ran, panting, knowing the satisfaction rich men feel. More planes flew over, but he was too busy to notice. In the master's garden stood a tall tree. Like a monkey he climbed it and hid a box in its top.

One whole box. More than enough for one Tamil's needs. For the rest . . . ah, he had plans! He shouldered the sack and ran again.

Down in the poorer part of town, men hurried with rickshas of government rice. Tom cried, "Candy! Candy to give away!" The poor people seemed afraid at first, so he must stop and argue. "Who are you, giving presents?" a Malay woman asked.

He shouted, "They are mine to give! Take! Have I the day to waste?" He never had shouted at any one before. But thus the master spoke when one was slow. A rich man with his arms full has a right to shout. The children did not argue. They followed him, picking up the pieces he threw, begging more, eating like pigs.

The boom-booms were louder. Tom ran on, uneasy for the first time. He tossed all the rest of the sack into a blind beggar's lap and started back toward the master's garden. A Punjabi sapper was stuffing dynamite under the bridge. Tom raced over it. He could see his tree now against the evening sky. If the Japs found the candy . . .

Fear fretted him, as it had the master. If they took his box . . .

There, at last, was the bolo on the master's wall. It was heavier than he had thought.

Trucks and soldiers crowded the highway, so he kept off it till he came to a thicket by it. To reach his tree any Japs must pass here. He took off his rags. Bare skin was harder to see in the dark. He waited.

In the morning one of the Japs' lieutenants stumbled out of the thicket and called his captain.

"Come and look, sir," he said. "A naked savage with a knife. Twenty men he got before they destroyed him."

"Twenty?" the captain said. "Of ours? Killed by one dirty savage who had nothing to live for!"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best, and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

ISLAND OF T

BY COREY FORD

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

PART SIX—BRAND SHOWS HIS HAND

☆ DR. REMMER tapped his folded arms and glared at me. Brand, opposite him, was gazing at him with a slow smiling comprehension.

"It was in the course of his exhaustive researches in the Aleutians," Maluk went on, "that he discovered the cave on this very island. I believe that is how we first became acquainted, Dr. Remmer, was it not?"

"I'm in a hurry," said Dr. Remmer. His petulance was like a slap across the mouth. Maluk stopped talking abruptly. "If everything is ready, we can start back to my ship."

He turned to Brand.

"You've got the papers, Mr. Connor?"

Brand's eyes met mine for a moment—a strange, secretive look—and he seemed to brace himself. He nodded.

Dr. Remmer frowned impatiently. "Have you got the papers?" he repeated.

"Yes, I've got the papers," said Brand. His voice was low. "I've got them where they're safe. They're quite safe, Dr. Remmer."

"I do not understand," said Remmer slowly.

Brand's right hand slid inside the front of his coat, a Napoleonic gesture.

"I've wondered what was behind all this, Remmer," said Brand. "I had an idea, but I wanted to be sure." His hand was still inside his coat; I saw the slight bulge on the left side of his chest. "Sorry to have upset you, Doc Mac," he added to me, without taking his eyes from Remmer or Maluk, "but I didn't want to risk making any one suspicious."

Dr. Remmer's effeminate features were twisted with annoyance. He continued to pat his folded arms faster and faster.

"There are some things I don't do," Brand said to Remmer. "Selling out my own country is one of them." He added evenly: "I think they'll be interested in hearing about your archaeological studies in this island, Doctor—when we get back to Uliak."

Maluk had not spoken. I stole a glance at him; and I was amazed to see his eyes twinkling behind his pince-nez glasses, his lips pursed in a cupid's-bow smile as he beamed at Brand. "I don't think, Mr. Connor," he purred, "that you want to take us back to Uliak."

Brand said, "Don't you?" casually.

"It would be very distressing," said Maluk—"so very distressing, Mr. Connor, if anything should happen."

"Nothing's going to happen," said Brand.

"I am not thinking about you, Mr. Connor," said Maluk. "I am thinking about Mrs. Trane."

Brand's fist tightened suddenly under his coat.

"As we were saying recently," Maluk continued, "it has always been my policy to trust nobody. Nobody whatsoever, Mr. Connor. I seek to be prepared for any eventuality. In your own phrase, I take no chances." He paused.

"Go on," said Brand.

"Consequently," Maluk said, "I took the liberty of suggesting to Dr. Remmer that, when he left Uliak, he invite Mrs. Trane to accompany him. Just a precaution, Mr. Connor." He blinked apologetically. "She is aboard his boat now."

Brand withdrew his hand slowly from his coat. His hand was empty. There was a look of utter defeat on his face.

"And now, if you're quite through talking," said Dr. Remmer fussily, "we will start back to my ship."

☆ I COULD not believe it. Even as the motor-powered dory slid through the fog, carrying us from the Sistina to the larger ship, I kept telling myself over and over that it was some kind of elaborate trick; that Remmer and Maluk were fighting for time; that they had invented this fantastic tale of Eden's presence—which Brand had evidently accepted as a fact—in order to work out some deep and devious strategy of their own. It was not until I saw Eden, standing anxiously in the door of the dining salon as we climbed aboard, that I realized how hopeless the situation was now for us all.

She was bundled in an oversized black raincoat. The upturned collar made a wet bright triangle of her face, and her thin cheeks were rain-streaked and redder than usual. A single strand of hair was plastered across her forehead like a smear of blue pencil. Her lips parted as she recognized Brand, and she gave a sigh of relief. "Oh, Brand, I'm so glad!"

He took her outstretched hands in his hands. He did not answer her.

"I didn't know what to make of it," she stammered, "when Dr. Remmer gave me your message in Uliak yesterday."

"Message?"

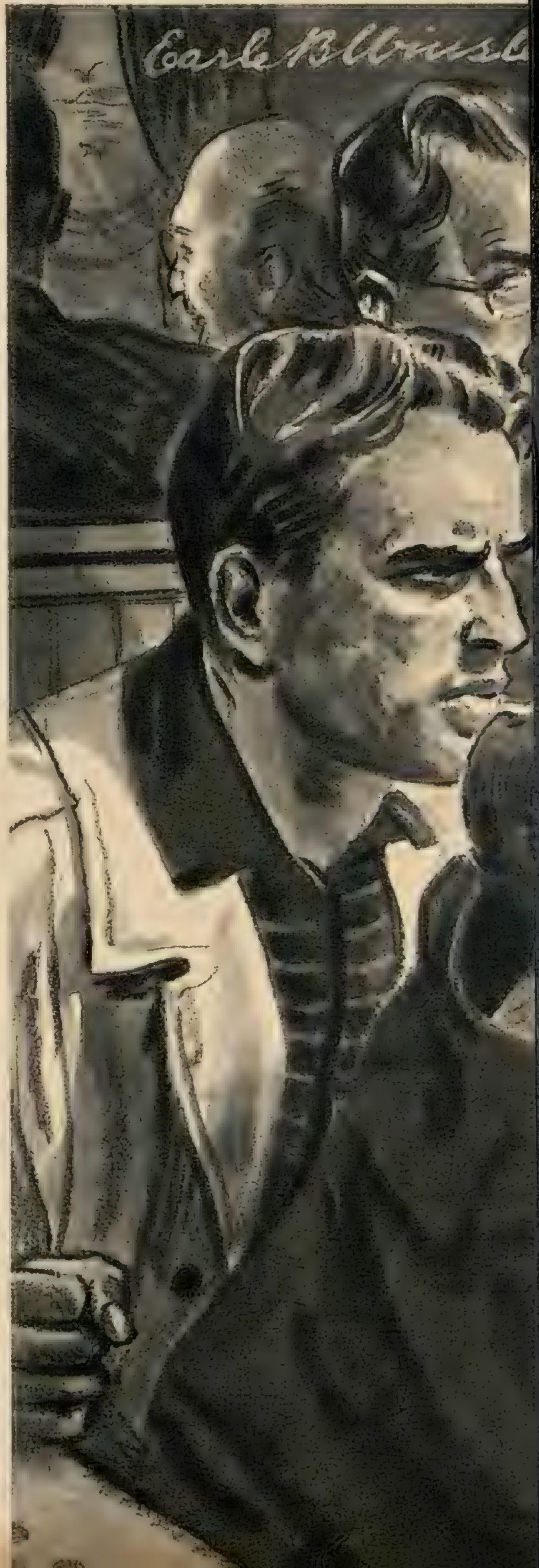
"That you had the papers." A new fear widened her eyes. "You have got them, haven't you, Brand?"

"Yes," he said slowly; "I've got them."

"A-ah," she breathed thankfully as we filed into the salon. She sank on a settee beside Brand, half-laughing now as the load of the past twenty-four hours was lifted from her shoulders. "I'll admit frankly," she said, "that I was a little scared at first. I even thought—" She turned impulsively to Dr. Remmer, seated at the head of the dining table. "I'm sorry to have doubted what you said, Doctor. You've been immensely kind to me. But you do understand, don't you? The strange way the mesage came . . . and of course I was surprised that any one else but ourselves knew the papers were missing."

Dr. Remmer ducked his head—a mincing gesture. "I think it would be

ILLUSTRATED BY EARLE B. WINSLOW



EVEN DEVILS

nice if we had some coffee," he said, and called over his shoulder, "Oishi." A young and very agile cabin boy, obviously Japanese, appeared at once in the doorway of the galley, standing stiffly at attention with his hands at his sides. "Coffee," Dr. Remmer said.

The cabin boy turned smartly on his heel and disappeared.

"I do hope you'll forgive me, Doctor," Eden persisted. "I just didn't know whom to trust."

"It is hard to know sometimes," Dr. Remmer said, with the nearest approach to a smile I had ever seen on his petulant face.

There was a little pause. Perhaps Eden sensed that all was not well—perhaps the feeling of restraint in the room warned her; for I saw her eyes dart once around the silent circle. She was a good enough actress to conceal her uneasiness; but her alert eyes continued to peer out from beneath her lowered lashes now and then, and her handkerchief began to crumple into a tight ball in her hand. For the first time, she moved away from Brand and looked at him covertly.

Maluk, opposite her, seemed to be increasingly amused; he patted his fat hands and beamed at a fly crawling on the tablecloth beside the sugar bowl. "The lieutenant," he inquired, "has recovered from his accident, Mrs. Trane?"

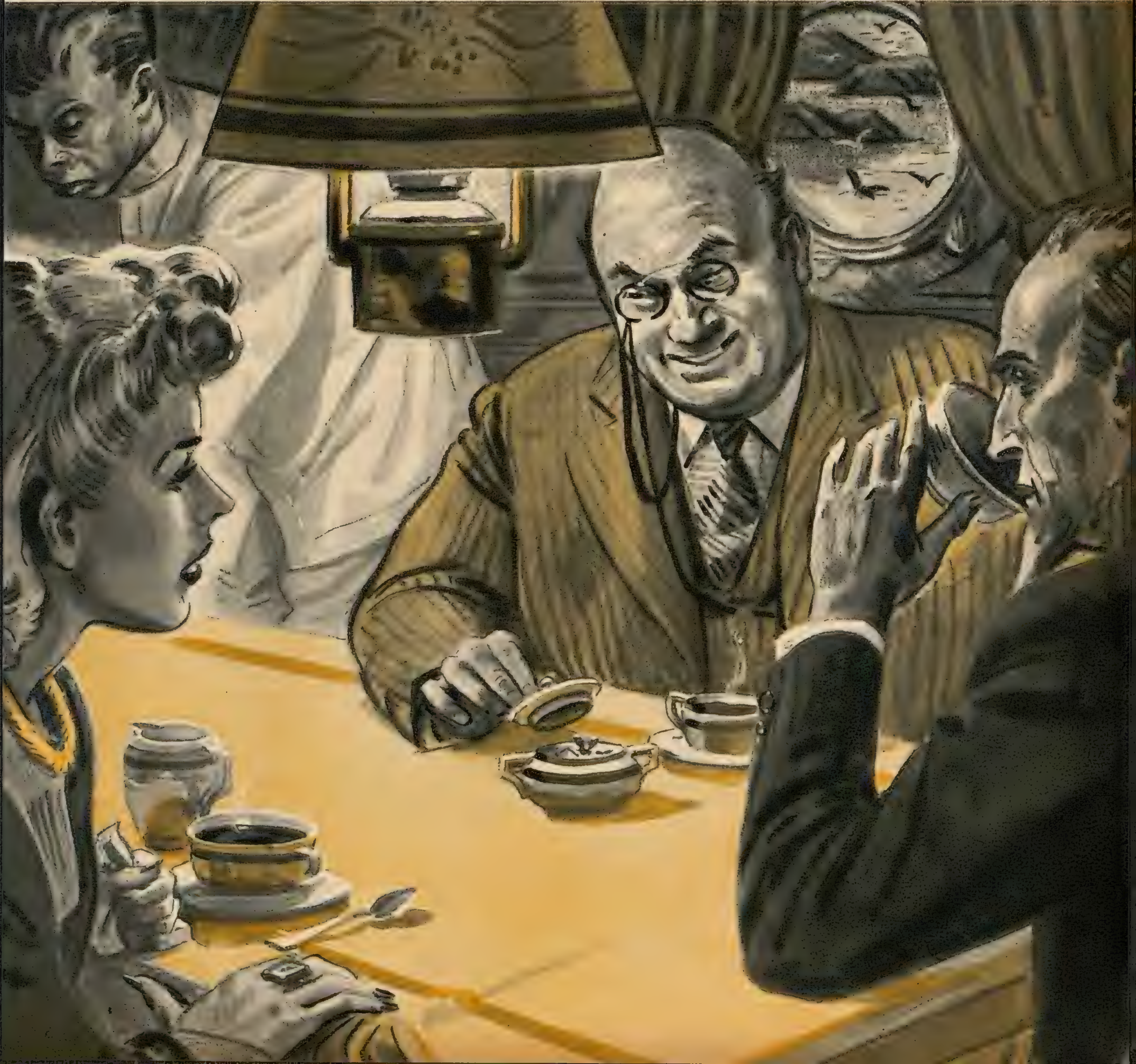
"He's much better, thank you," said Eden.

"I assume," Maluk said to the fly, "that you have not mentioned to him yet about the missing papers? Or have you, Mrs. Trane?"

"Not yet," Eden said.

"A commendable procedure." Maluk nodded approvingly. "Very commendable indeed." He lifted the cover of the sugar bowl and held it poised in the air, watching the fly. "There is really no need of alarming him unnecessarily." He smiled blandly.

"A commendable procedure." Maluk lifted the cover of the sugar bowl and held it poised in the air, watching the fly.



Eden shook her head. She was looking at him steadily.

"In fact, there is no reason he should ever know the plans were taken," said Maluk. He suddenly lowered the cover over the fly. "There really is no reason anybody should ever know, is there, Mrs. Trane?"

The Japanese cabin boy stepped backward through the galley door and turned, holding a tray of coffee. He set the cups around, bowing precisely from the waist as he served each place. He stepped back with heels clicking together, bowed again, and returned to the galley.

Brand did not touch his coffee. He leaned forward abruptly. "Let's get down to things here."

* * *

DR. REMMER sipped his coffee, little finger crooked.

"Mrs. Trane and the Doctor" — Brand nodded at me—"are going back to Uliak. Is that understood?"

Dr. Remmer looked over the rim of his cup at Maluk.

"But, Mr. Connor," Maluk protested, "what would possibly prevent them?"

"All right," said Brand. "That's all I wanted to know."

Eden turned to him—a wild, disbelieving look. "What do you mean, Brand? Aren't you coming with us?"

He ignored her. "No funny business," he said to Maluk.

Maluk looked hurt. "I don't understand what you mean."

"All right, then." Brand rose. "Let's get it over with. Come on ashore and I'll get you the papers."

Eden sprang to her feet. Every drop of color had plunged out of her cheeks. "Papers?"

Brand faced her for a moment. His deep-set moody eyes were remote; the dark and unassailable loneliness in them was as inscrutable as the fog. He and Eden were only a foot apart; but the distance between them, I knew, was already too vast ever to be spanned. They would never be any closer than this: facing each other across a gulf of misunderstanding, suddenly hard and hostile, suddenly strangers again.

"That's right—I stole them. And now I'm turning them over to Dr. Remmer."

Her hand struck across his mouth, and, as it returned, the back of her hand struck his mouth again, hard. He moved back a step, licking his lips as though he were tasting something strange. An embarrassed blush spread over his face. He whirled, and walked swiftly out of the salon.

Eden sank back slowly onto the settee. The rest of us moved past her, a little self-conscious, and walked down the deck. Brand had already climbed down into the small power boat.

At the rail, Maluk bowed to me. "After you, Dr. Macauley."

"Why doesn't he stay on board here with Mrs. Trane?" asked Brand.

"The Doctor has seen so much already," Maluk explained smoothly, "that I am sure he would be disappointed if he were not permitted to satisfy his curiosity completely. Wouldn't you, Doctor?" He beamed at me and chuckled and ducked his knees as though he were doing me a secret and very special favor.

I clambered down the ladder into the dory.

The fog had packed solid all around us; but we followed the sound of the breakers and found the beach. The two sailors managed to land the dory without upsetting it, and we started across the sand toward the rockslide. Ahead, the fumarole puffed and snorted steadily, shedding a redundant cloud of steam to join the already loaded clouds that hovered around the base of the mountain. I could just make out the deep black fold in the rocks above us, like a perpendicular gash in the mountain's face, that marked the entrance to the cave.

"You can wait here, if you like," said Brand. "I'll be right down again."

"If you have no objection, Mr. Connor," said Maluk courteously, "I think we should prefer to accompany you." He paused, a delicate smile playing about his pursed lips. "And it occurs to me that you might be so good as to give Dr. Remmer the gun you are carrying. These rocks are so slippery, you know. We do not wish to run any risk of an accident."

Brand shrugged, took the revolver from his shoulder holster, and handed it to Dr. Remmer.

The rocks were greasy with rain; several times I slipped between them as I tried to jump, and skinned my knees painfully. I moved cautiously, ducking the small stones that were dislodged by the men ahead. Once Brand yelled "Look out!" just in time as a heavier boulder teetered and fell, missing me by a hair as it bounced and thundered downhill, shaking the whole ground in its precipitous descent. All of us were tired and winded by the time we reached the flat platform of rock at the entrance to the cave. The slanting walls of the crevice rose on either side. From where we stood we could not see the small boat on the beach.

"Wait here," Remmer said to Maluk. "Two of us is enough in there."

He held the revolver in his hand and followed Brand through the dark opening.

* * *

THEY were gone a surprisingly short time. Remmer reappeared first, ramming a wad of folded papers and blueprints inside his raincoat. Brand followed in silence.

"All right," Remmer said to Maluk briefly. "Let's go back to the ship."

"You see," Maluk explained to me politely, "Dr. Remmer has a shortwave sending set aboard his ship. Already there is a destroyer waiting offshore for a message. It is so very simple . . ."

"Do you always have to talk so much?" asked Remmer.

"But I wish to make it perfectly clear," Maluk apologized, "why we have no choice but to proceed as we are doing." He gazed regretfully at Brand and me. I saw Brand's eyes suddenly narrow, but he said nothing.

"I wish to make Mr. Connor understand, for example," Maluk continued, "why we cannot permit him to carry out his plan." For an instant, as he turned to Brand, his eyes were opaque green. "It was an excellent plan, Mr. Connor. It was why you were willing to turn over the papers, of course. Once Mrs. Trane was safely back in Uliak, you planned—please tell me if I am in error—to report the theft of the papers. As a result, the new blueprints arriving from Washington would be altered, and these papers would be rendered quite valueless. Am I right, Mr. Connor?"

I saw Brand's eyes grow dull. Remmer weighed the gun impatiently in his hand.

"So you will appreciate, Mr. Connor," Maluk said sadly, "that we could not permit such a risk. Under the circumstances, even the return of Mrs. Trane to Uliak, I fear, would be unwise. We cannot, as you say, take any—"

"You've talked enough," Remmer interrupted.

Maluk opened his mouth and shut it again. "I was only trying to make them understand," he said politely.

"They understand," said Remmer. He backed a step and cocked the gun. "You can start on down," he said to Maluk. "I'll catch up with you in just a minute."

* * *

MALUK patted his hands, beamed at us once more, uttered a final regretful sigh, and started to clamber over the side of the crevice. He flattened suddenly and beckoned to Remmer.

I raised my head and peered past them. I could just make out the power dory on the beach. A second small boat was drawn up alongside. A group of men in naval uniform stood around the dory, guarding the two sailors from Remmer's ship. Jimmy Trane was moving across the beach toward us, a service automatic in his hand, his eyes scanning the face of the cliff intently.

Remmer crouched on his knees on the rim of the crevice. He raised his gun cautiously and took careful aim with both hands.

"Put that down!" said Brand.

Remmer swung around in surprise. I turned also; and then my heart sank. Brand had discovered my forgotten .32 aux lying on top of my pack beside the entrance to the cave. He was pointing it at Remmer, unaware that it contained only the lightest dust load. I gasped stupidly, "But that's only—"

Brand fired.

There was a hollow moment of silence. Brand stared incredulously at the gun as the dust pattered ineffectively over the rocks. Remmer, equally bewildered, paused uncertainly. A fraction of a second ticked by before he realized what had happened. It was sufficient for Jimmy, below us, to locate the sound. His automatic exploded at almost the same instant that Remmer's gun fired at Brand. Indeed, the two shots were so close together that Remmer was actually falling forward as he pulled the trigger.

What happened after that was so swift and so confused that I did not comprehend it all at the time. Remmer continued to fall, doubled up, and pitched onto his face. He did not move. I heard a chattering scream, and looked above me. Maluk had started up the side of the cliff, clambering like a chipmunk. His squat jujitsu body moved with remarkable agility from rock to rock. A bullet from Jimmy's automatic struck just below him, and caromed off with a long descending whine. Maluk squeaked in terror and leaped for another rock above him. The first boulder, dislodged by his foot, rolled back toward us.

☆ "WATCH it!" I yelled at Brand. He was sitting on the ledge behind me, clutching his leg in both hands, a rather sheepish look on his face. His face was very white. He tried to say something, but his voice was thick and the words blurred together. He grinned at his own helplessness.

A second bullet struck the rocks high overhead, ricocheting at an angle. I lifted my head. Maluk was halfway up the rockslide. He leaped for a loose boulder above him, and lost his balance. I heard a piercing shriek—a thoroughly animal sound—and he tumbled backward; and as he rolled downhill the boulder rolled with him.

Somehow I got Brand over the edge of the crevice as the slide started. Behind me, as I tugged and hauled him to safety, I could hear the whole mountain beginning to stir: a deep resentful grumble. The falling rocks dislodged other rocks in their thundering descent; large boulders toppled and broke loose to swell the volume; a whole section of the hilltop sagged and suddenly gave way. Over my shoulder I saw the entire rockslide in motion. The grinding, churning stream gathered force as it fell. Broken bits of rock leaped high in the air, and a fine dust hung like spray above a cataract. Already the torrent of boulders had filled the crevice where he had been standing. More boulders hurtled down onto them. The face of the entire hill was shifting, sinking slowly into itself like loose coal running down a chute.

Then, as abruptly as it had begun, the earth-shaking roar ceased. The thing was over. The old mountain seemed to let out its breath with a mighty sigh, and settle itself again for the centuries.

Only a cloud of brownish dust, blending swiftly with the enveloping mist and rain, marked the spot where the cave had been.

A nick-of-time rescue! But can Brand succeed in convincing Eden that he was not working with Dr. Remmer and Maluk? Next week's chapter explains many things and brings the story to an end.

Ticonderoga
.. a fighting word
May 10, 1775

At dawn May 10th, 1775, Ethan Allen, heading his Green Mountain Boys, stormed, captured Fort Ticonderoga. This stirring victory, the first offensive action by American patriots, was a forerunner of our Declaration of Independence!

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INT. NEWS PHOTO

President Woodrow Wilson opening a season in wartime.

BATS AND BAYONET

Can America fight and play baseball too? America did it before . . . remember? Perhaps we can do it again

BY FRANK GRAHAM

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

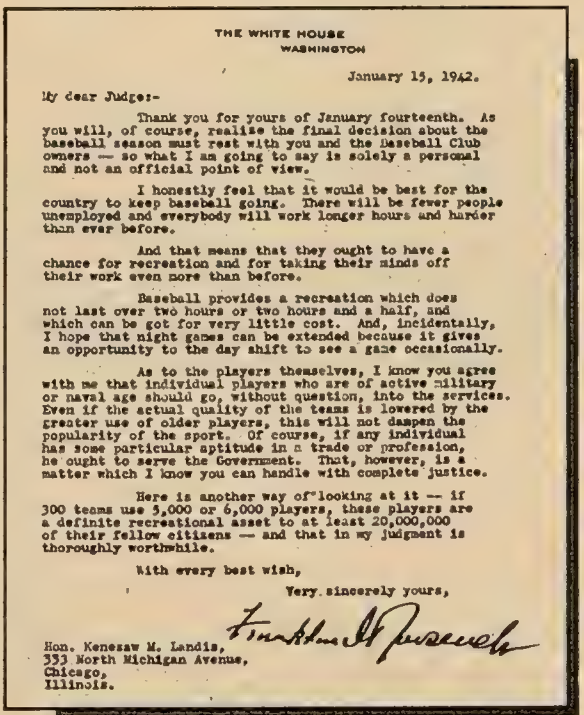
☆ GUNS hammer across the world and this nation rocks under the impact of war. There are combat planes in the sky, marching men in the streets, blackouts in the night, and submarine sinkings offshore.

Normal life, in many instances, has been completely disrupted, normal practices and customs put on the shelf for the duration.

How, then, about our sports? How about baseball, the biggest, soundest, and generally the best managed of all our professional sports? Is there a clue to its future to be found in its past? What was its pattern in World War I?

Let's turn the pages back twenty-five years and see what went on when the bugles blew then.

On April 6, 1917, when the United States declared war on Germany, the major-league clubs were on their way north from the training camps and the opening of the season was less than two weeks away. Naturally concerned with the future of the game, league and club executives huddled immediately for consolation and advice. There was no High Commissioner then. Landis was on the federal bench in Illinois and his only connection with baseball was that of an enthusiastic Cub and White Sox fan. The rulers of the game were the members of the National Commission: August Herrmann, president of the Cincinnati club, chairman; and Byron Bancroft Johnson, founder and still president of the American League, and John K. Tener, former big-league pitcher, former Governor of Pennsylvania, and president of the National League.


THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

January 15, 1942.

My dear Judge:-

Thank you for yours of January fourteenth. As you will, of course, realize the final decision about the baseball season must rest with you and the Baseball Club owners — so what I am going to say is solely a personal and not an official point of view.

I honestly feel that it would be best for the country to keep baseball going. There will be fewer people unemployed and everybody will work longer hours and harder than ever before.

And that means that they ought to have a chance for recreation and for taking their minds off their work even more than before.

Baseball provides a recreation which does not last over two hours or two hours and a half, and which can be got for very little cost. And, incidentally, I hope that night games can be extended because it gives an opportunity to the day shift to see a game occasionally.

As to the players themselves, I know you agree with me that individual players who are of active military or naval age should go, without question, into the services. Even if the actual quality of the teams is lowered by the greater use of older players, this will not dampen the popularity of the sport. Of course, if any individual has some particular aptitude in a trade or profession, he ought to serve the Government. That, however, is a matter which I know you can handle with complete justice.

Here is another way of looking at it — if 300 teams use 5,000 or 6,000 players, these players are a definite recreational asset to at least 20,000,000 of their fellow citizens — and that in my judgment is thoroughly worthwhile.

With every best wish,

Very sincerely yours,

Franklin D Roosevelt

Hon. Kenesaw M. Landis,
333 North Michigan Avenue,
Chicago,
Illinois.

"The green light" from the White House: the go-ahead letter from F.D.R. to Judge Landis.

Herrmann, Tener, and the National League club owners didn't know what to do and mainly were inclined to do nothing. Johnson, the most vigorous and outspoken figure in baseball, declared himself in ringing terms. He announced that he was ready to do anything his government asked of him, including fighting in the trenches. Meanwhile, he said, the American League would make any contribution it could to the winning of the war. The ball parks, the ballplayers were at the country's service. Incredible as it seems now, he persuaded the army to assign drill sergeants to each club in his league, and the players drilled with bats in lieu of guns in the mornings and, on special occasions, just before the ball games.

Since the government did not seem to want the ball parks, Ban approved every suggestion for patriotic days and the raising of funds among the fans in attendance at the games. Army and navy bands marched and played. Flags were waved. Baskets were passed. War charities benefited by $400,000 over the course of the season, and the league subscribed to $100,000 worth of Liberty bonds. Clark Griffith instituted a bat-and-ball fund for the purpose of equipping the fighting forces with baseball paraphernalia and raised $20,000. The pattern of the National League's activities was much the same.

Hank Gowdy, then with the Boston Braves, was the first major-league player to enlist, joining an Ohio National Guard regiment that became part of the Rainbow Division. Next to shoulder a gun voluntarily was Death Valley Jim Scott, a pitcher with the White Sox. The draft went into effect and the ballplayers' numbers began to pop up. The Cleveland club was most affected, losing Pitchers Morton, Klepfer, Dickerson, and Torkelson; Catcher DeBarry; Infielders Guisto, Harris, and Evans; and Outfielder Elmer Smith. The draft took Pitchers Naylor and North, Third Baseman Bates, and Outfielder Sharman from the Athletics, First Baseman George Burns from the Tigers, and Outfielders Jacobson and Sloan from the Browns. Jack Barry, the Red Sox manager, and four of his players—Ernie Shore, Mike McNally, Duffy Lewis, and Chick Shorten—enlisted in the navy. No players were drafted from the Senators or the Yankees, and none enlisted.

In the National League, Rabbit Maranville enlisted in the navy, and the draft took Outfielder Carson Bigbee and Pitcher Hal Carlson from the Pirates, and Pitchers Leon Cadore and Sherrod Smith from the Dodgers. Eddie Grant of the Giants enlisted and later was killed in action.

Some baseball men were pessimistic about the future of their game. Others were highly optimistic, pointing out that the races, the theaters, and other forms of sport and amusement were doing well. Also, they thought the war actually would spread the game across the face of Europe. Canadian soldiers were playing it in England and, once the war was over, it would be no time before the other countries took it up.

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC., PHOTO

world wartime's President tossing out a ball.

Tener expected to see in the near future a World Series game in Paris.

Lacking direction but under the momentum derived from its seventy-eight years of existence, baseball prospered that year, once it had got by the early months, when wretched weather through the East and Middle West hurt the attendance. The climax of the season was a smashing World Series between the Giants and the White Sox. This ended in New York with the Sox winning, and the following day the teams played at Camp Mills for the Rainbow Division. This was the last game many of the soldiers ever saw, for a few days later the division sailed for France.

One other detail of that season deserves mention. A prize of $500, offered by Johnson for the best drilled team, was awarded to the St. Louis Browns. The Senators finished second, the Indians third, the White Sox fourth, the Red Sox fifth, the Tigers sixth, the Yankees seventh, and the Athletics last. The National League had not adopted the drills and it scoffed at the exhibitions by the American League players. So, for that matter, did most of the fans.

Then came 1918. The teams went South, came North—some of them, notably the Giants and the Indians, playing games at army camps along the way—and opened the season. Players were enlisting or being drafted, mostly the latter. The more important minor leagues staggered somewhat, but the majors moved briskly enough. Only one blast had been delivered at the game. That came from Captain (later Colonel) T. L. Huston, part owner of the Yankees, who was in France with a regiment of engineers. Cap, as he was known to his public, rapped the players for their lack of fervor, bitterly remarked that not a single executive of the game, save himself, had volunteered, said the 1 per cent of the World Series receipts donated by the Giants and Sox to the bat-and-ball fund was an insult, and wound up by offering to get jobs in the A. E. F. for Johnson, Tener, Herrmann, or anybody else who, although beyond the draft age and not actually capable of lugging or even firing a gun, might make himself useful behind the lines. That was on March 24. Few paid any attention to it and it quickly was forgotten.

Moving into July, the minors were hard-pressed because of depletions in the ranks and dwindling figures at the turnstiles. On July 7, the International, Western, and Texas leagues folded. The Pacific Coast League followed on July 14. Still it seemed the majors would survive. And then, on July 19, came the numbing shock of the application of the Work or Fight order to baseball. The order had been promulgated on May 23 and was to the effect that a man of military age, regardless of dependents, would be drafted unless he was engaged in a business that had a definite part in the war effort!

Its application to baseball was the result of a test case by Eddie Ainsmith, the Senators' first-string catcher. Married and the father of one child, Ainsmith originally had been placed in Class 4, but his draft board, reconsidering his status in the light of the Work or Fight order, placed him in Class 1. He appealed, and the Provost Marshal, General Enoch Crowder, sent the appeal along to Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, who gave the paralyzing answer.

Time has dimmed memories of the tumult that followed, but there was plenty of it. Johnson immediately ordered the American League ball parks to be closed after the games of July 20. James C. Dunn, owner of the Cleveland club, loudly applauded Johnson, but some of the other club owners did not. Harry Frazee, theatrical producer who owned the pennant-bound Red Sox, wanted to play 100 games before knocking off. Colonel Jacob Ruppert in New York and Griffith in Washington were willing to string along with Frazee. The National League was in a state of bewilderment and dumb submission.

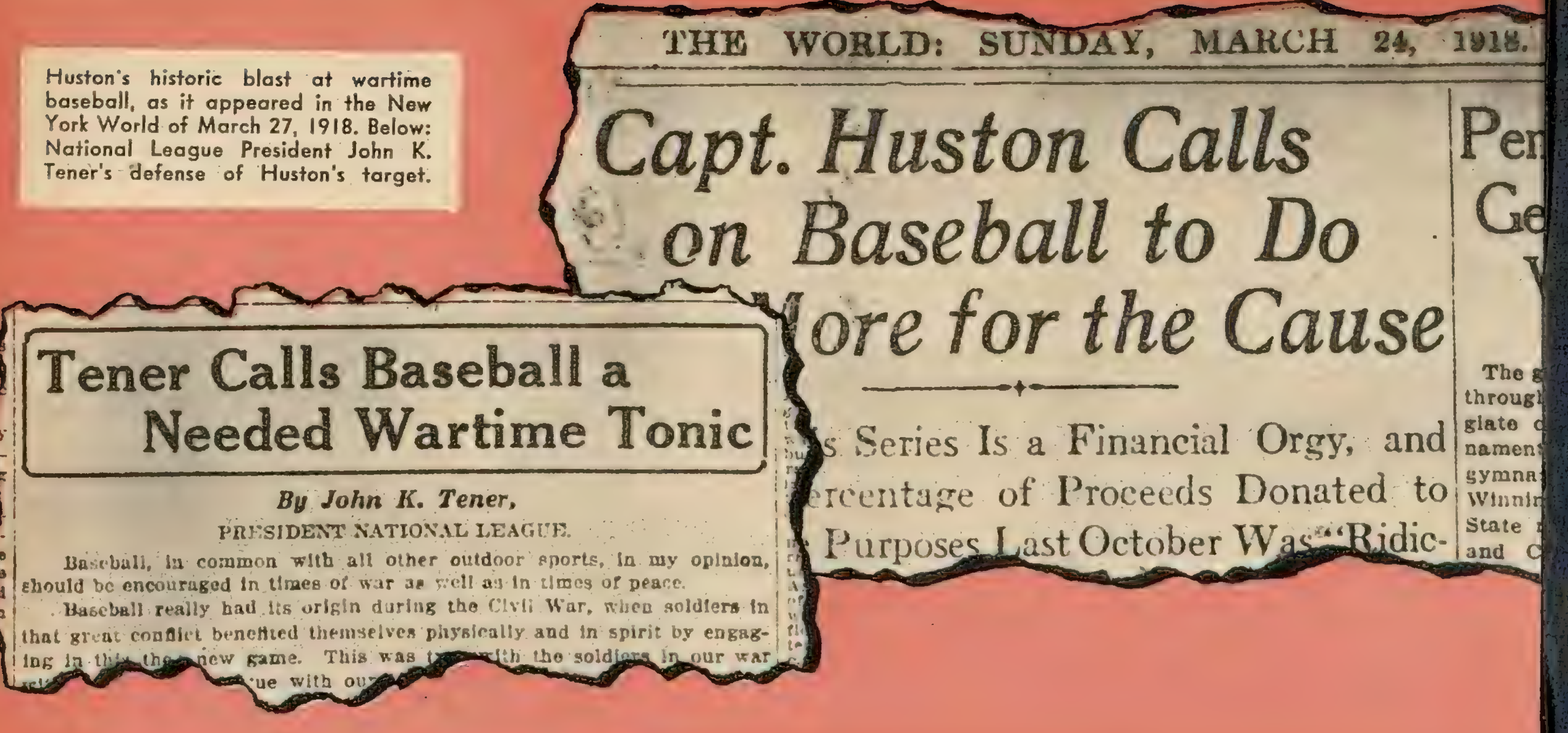
In both leagues, club owners intimated that they had been hoodwinked and misled. They spoke vaguely of assurances they had had from the government in the spring that it would be a good idea for them to continue. They pointed to the support the game had received in the newspapers. Otherwise they would not have opened the season. It would have been better, they said, to have left the padlocks on the gates in April than to be flattened so unexpectedly in July.

Most active were the players. Married men with families wired for jobs in shipyards and industrial plants and had no trouble getting them, for the yards and plants were forming teams for the entertainment of their employees and offered the players as much money as most of them were receiving in organized baseball. The American Association and the Eastern League, the only minor circuits still operating, went down with a crash.

The major-league club owners rushed into a huddle. Once they began to talk over what had happened to them, they became a little calmer. Johnson revoked his order

In conference: Presidents Larry MacPhail of the Brooklyn Dodgers and Sam Breadon of the St. Louis Cardinals, Judge Landis, and New York Yankees' President Ed Barrow.

Huston's historic blast at wartime baseball, as it appeared in the New York World of March 27, 1918. Below: National League President John K. Tener's defense of Huston's target.



THE WORLD: SUNDAY, MARCH 24, 1918.

Capt. Huston Calls on Baseball to Do ore for the Cause

s Series Is a Financial Orgy, and ercentage of Proceeds Donated to Purposes Last October Was "Ridic-

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Tener Calls Baseball a Needed Wartime Tonic

By John K. Tener,
PRESIDENT NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Baseball, in common with all other outdoor sports, in my opinion, should be encouraged in times of war as well as in times of peace.

Baseball really had its origin during the Civil War, when soldiers in that great conflict benefited themselves physically and in spirit by engaging in th the new game. This was t with the soldiers in our war ue with ou

closing the ball parks. It was voted to appeal for time, to ask the Secretary of War if he would permit them to finish the season and play the World Series which, they figured, would run to about October 15. They also asked the Secretary to assure the players they would not be plucked immediately out of the dugouts. The players, they declared plaintively, were running out on them.

On July 26 their plea was granted in part. The Secretary said he could not permit an extension to October 15, but would withhold enforcement of the order where the ballplayers were concerned until September 1. Baseball drew a deep breath, set Labor Day, September 2, as the closing date—and plunged on. Tener favored abandoning the World Series; but when General Crowder said he had no objection to the Series, the National League president was overruled. Gaps in the ranks were plugged by minor leaguers who, with their leagues in a state of suspension, had been declared free agents for the balance of the season.

The last day was a gloomy one in the ball parks, save in Washington and St. Louis. In Washington, General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff, and other distinguished army and navy figures were among the spectators, who were in true holiday mood as the Senators and Athletics split a double-header. In St. Louis there was no action whatever, the Indians failing to show up and forfeiting both games of a double-header to the Browns.

The World Series between the Red Sox and the Cubs, played at reduced rates and marked by a narrowly averted strike of the players for a bigger share of the gate receipts, ended in a victory for the Red Sox, four games to two. A hero of the Series was a young left-hander with the Red Sox by the name of Babe Ruth.

The hardships of 1918 had their effect on the club owners when, following the armistice, they gathered to formulate plans for the 1919 season. Wounded, anguished, uncertain as to the future, they drew up a schedule of only 140 games instead of the usual 154, and cut the training from six weeks to a month. This proved to be, in one sense, one of the best seasons baseball ever had known, as the nation, on the rebound, flocked to the ball parks. But there was an unexpected reverberation from the war.

The players had got out of hand in the confusion of 1918 and some of them fell in with the national postwar moratorium on moral standards. The culmination of this was the fixing by gamblers of the World Series between the White Sox and the Reds which, while suspected at the time, was not completely uncovered until late in 1920. There also is reason to believe that there were other cases of dishonesty on the part of players in both leagues in 1919 and that players were dropped after secret investigations. Certainly some players who were active in 1919 did not appear in 1920 (various explanations were given for their absence), and it was not until 1921 that, with the guilty White Sox players pilloried and Landis supplanting the National Commission, public faith in the sport was restored.

Baseball is better organized, better prepared, and better advised today than it was in 1917. Although the plunge into actual warfare after Pearl Harbor was more sudden than it was after the U-boat sinkings in 1917, there were ballplayers already in the army, and it had already become certain that, whether or not we got into the war, more would be taken this year. Moreover, there still was ample time to find out just where and how the sport stood in the design for war being shaped in Washington, and there was a fortunate absence of the jitters that seized upon the magnates in the first world wartime.

The Baseball Writers' dinner in New York on February 1 was the sounding board for the first real public expression on the part of the game's brass hats. Landis spoke briefly and with characteristic force about baseball in wartime. But the voice of baseball that night was the booming, sometimes angry voice of redheaded Larry MacPhail of the Dodgers, veteran of 1918 and a member of Colonel Luke Lea's group that tried to capture the Kaiser in Holland after the armistice.

MacPhail, insisting that the President's green light had not been an invitation to continue business as usual, warned his colleagues that they must adopt a wartime program and that any club unwilling to go along with it should not be allowed to open its gates. This program, he suggested, should include:

1. The payment of all salaries in part in defense bonds and stamps. 2. Two all-star games instead of one, the proceeds to be donated to the bat-and-ball fund, resurrected for this war. 3. The donation of part of every admission during the season to a fund for the purchase of a four-motored bomber to be christened the Kenesaw Mountain Landis. 4. The scheduling of exhibition games by major-league clubs with army and navy teams wherever and whenever possible. 5. Adherence to the wish of General Lewis B. Hershey, Director of Selective Service, that ballplayers, along with other Americans, should not volunteer but wait to be told when and where they are needed.

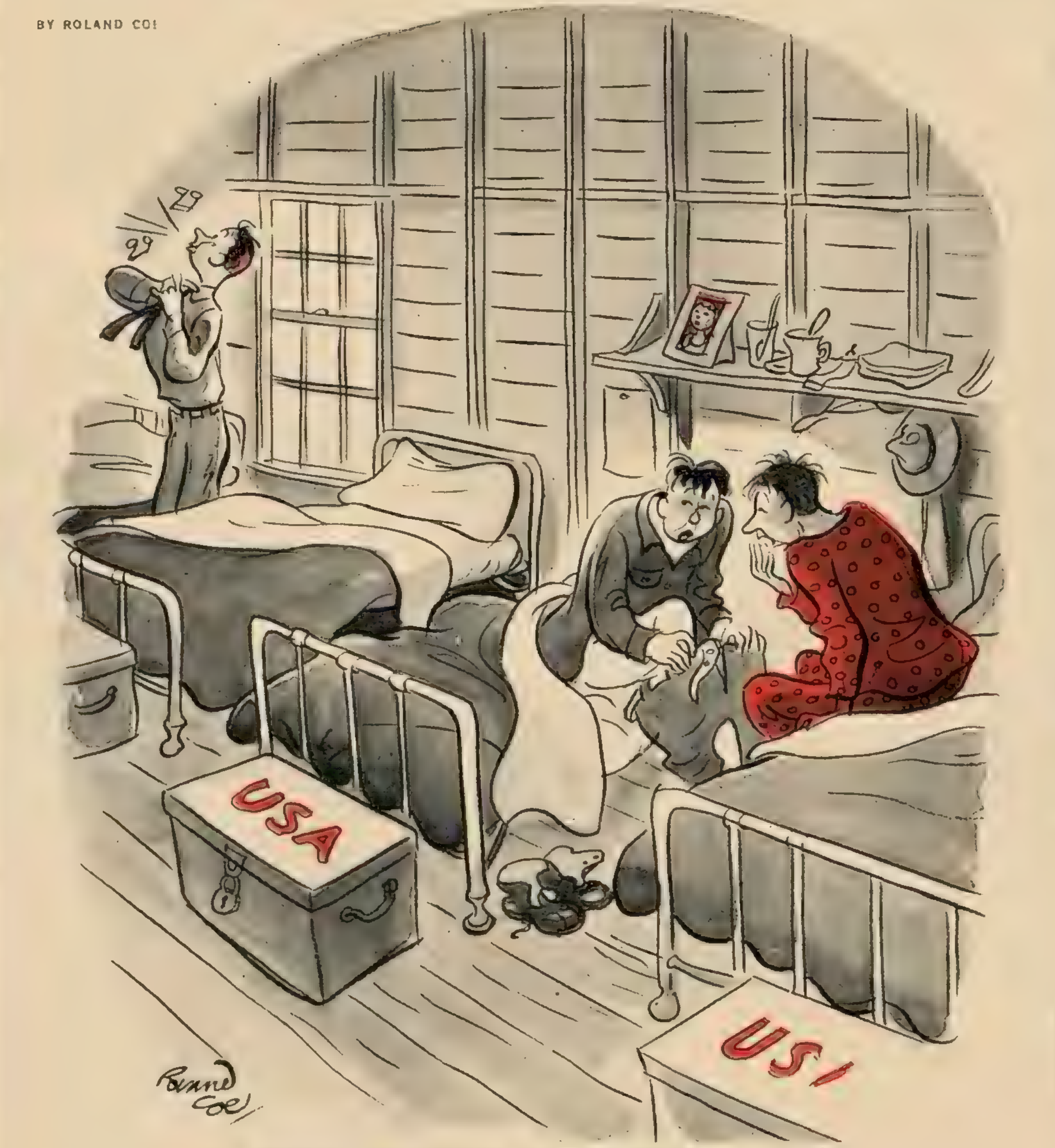
Two days later the leagues met in joint session, also in New York. They voted: 1. That all clubs having lighting equipment be allowed to play a maximum of fourteen games this year instead of the usual seven, excepting the Washington club, which may play twenty-one. (MacPhail, who introduced night baseball in the major leagues, had said nothing about it in his outline at the dinner. Griffith sponsored the increase. In fact, Grif wanted to play twenty-eight games.) 2. That two all-star games should be played, the first at the Polo Grounds on the afternoon of July 6 and the second in Cleveland on the night of July 7, the receipts to go to the bat-and-ball fund. 3. That the executives of the leagues and clubs take at least 10 per cent of their salaries in defense bonds and stamps and urge the players and other employees to do likewise. 4. That the matter of permitting men in uniform to attend games free or at reduced rates be left to the individual clubs. Nothing was done about the four-motored bomber to be named for Judge Landis.

The leagues have not yet done all the things demanded of them by the more vociferous of the patriots, and probably never will. They haven't succeeded in satisfying MacPhail. But they are in good order. Hank Greenberg of the Tigers, Hugh Mulcahy of the Phillies, Bob Feller of the Indians, Cecil Travis and Buddy Lewis of the Senators, Cookie Lavagetto of the Dodgers, Sam Chapman of the Athletics, Johnny Sturm of the Yankees, and many lesser figures from the big leagues, plus an untold number from the minors, are in the armed forces and others are about to join them. Managers, making up their teams at the training camps, were aware that they might be changed practically overnight by the local boards. In most cases, provision was made as long ago as early March for replacements. Schedules were drawn with an eye to wartime travel restrictions and wartime economies. There is a division of opinion among the club owners as to how long they will be allowed to carry on. But all of them are determined to carry on in a straight line and there will be no repetition of the curious antics of the last wartime.

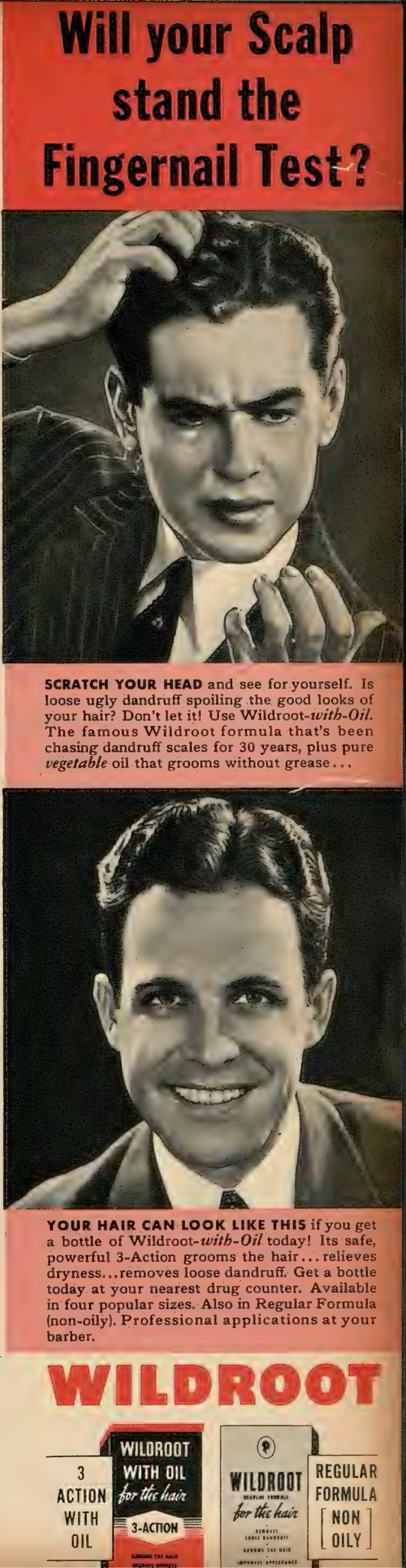
It is my notion that there will be no interruption of the game—at least not for a long time. I do not believe the President was fooling when he said he wanted more baseball, if possible, rather than less, and although he made it clear that he was voicing only his personal preference, I'll ride along with that on the chance that, if necessary, it will find official expression in the attitude of the War and Navy departments. There is no doubt in my mind that the young men in uniform want baseball, just as they want prize fighting, horse racing, basketball, track, football, shows, motion pictures, and beer. And as long as they feel that way, who is going to listen to a squawk from any other direction? Franklin D. Roosevelt? I think not.

THE END

BY ROLAND COE



"I wouldn't mind getting up early nearly so much if that guy didn't actually *enjoy* doing it!"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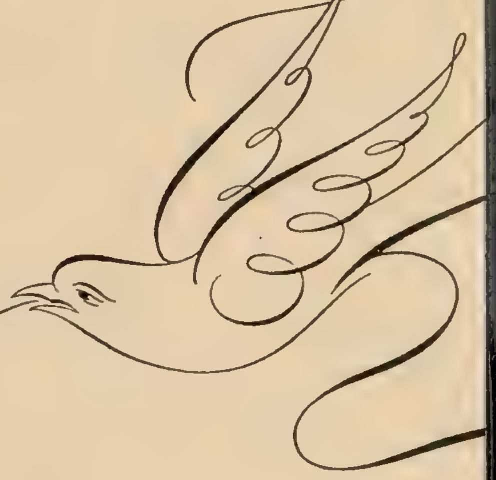
REGULAR FORMULA [NON OILY]

MOTHER'S DAY
1942

By Adela Rogers St. Johns



READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ IT has always been our idea that Mother's Day was a pretty insulting idea and we never celebrated it much in our family.

Sometimes one of the kids would drag home a new egg beater or a tired gardenia or send a singing telegram, which was their idea of terrific humor. But they had an idea that there were 365 days in each year and that Mom rated a good many more than just one of them. If nobody minded, they didn't need any outsider to tell them to be good to their mother and they would rather not hear much about it.

Mother's Day, 1942, seems different. Everything is crystallized in the strong light of wartime.

So many of our sons and daughters have suddenly become men and women. It is very different, being the mothers of fighting men and women at war. You cannot tell a man who is teaching hundreds of boys how to shoot guns out of an airplane to be careful driving the car down to the village. You cannot tell a woman who inspects and stamps parts of airplane motors that will soon be flying against the Japs that she has to eat her prunes for breakfast. It is different for them, too.

No war can be won unless our sons and daughters can answer a special roll call on Mother's Day, 1942. They have got to be sure that we are fighting behind them. They have got to know that we are proud and steady and fighting mad, in our own way.

Around the country I expect about two or three million mothers will be getting letters from sons in uniform. An awful lot of men will be writing home that weren't ever away before. Daughters, too, from their posts of service in the ranks of freedom.

Mrs. St. Johns, long famous as an author, writes as a war mother here. The children to whom she refers are Sergeant William St. Johns, in the Royal Canadian Air Force; Corporal John McCullah St. Johns of B Company, Sixth Battalion, Fort McClellan, Alabama; Cadet Dick St. Johns, at the New York Military Academy; and Inspector Elaine St. Johns of the Pratt-Whitney airplane factory at Hartford, Connecticut.

Few of them will ever make the Treasury of Great Letters. Our boys and girls aren't Shelleys—or Kiplings—or Brownings. They write, "I am feeling well. Having a good time," but few of them tell their mothers the things they want to know. The only way I can get information out of my children is by working out a system. I send them a questionnaire. I take two sheets and write down what I want to know, leaving space after each question for their answer. Every mother has special things she wants to know about. Little things. I mean, they were—babies such a little while ago. It works, too.

Scrawled over the pages, with a few misspelled words, even if they went to college, the letters we get on Mother's Day will read something like this:

Dear Mom: Well, this place isn't so bad, once you get used to it. How are things at home? Has Joe got in the navy yet? Well, we move out for three days' maneuvers and I've got to roll my full field pack and make sure my equipment, including gas mask, rifle, bayonet, mess kit, canteen and so forth, is in working order. Thought I'd drop you a line because somebody mentioned it will be Mother's Day and don't expect orchids on 21 per— I hear we're going to get a raise—but I thought I'd write and say you're the top and don't worry about me. I am getting along fine, and your letters are swell.

Love from
Your son Bill.

☆ BUT that isn't really what it says. If you pour upon it the magic fluid of that love between you, if you decode it with the understanding of all those years when the worst you had to fear was measles or a stolen nickel for an ice-cream cone, this is what it says:

Mom, I can't say it all very well; I am not much at words and I have never written things down on paper, so that I do not know how to do it very well, even if we ever found it easy to talk about such things. But thinking about you when I'm here and you're home, I think you are wonderful. Sometimes I used to get sore at you and think you were pretty doggone fussy, not letting me go with the other boys maybe, or have a twenty-two that time long ago. But I know now if I had seen this coming and that I would be away today, I could maybe have said things better than I can write them. I guess when you are a kid you just take it all for granted, but that is the best part of it. It does not seem to me now that there is very much in the world you can just take for granted except your mother. The thing is, a kid has to have some one thing to depend on. If he hasn't, he will not grow up to be a citizen. Mom, do you remember the time I quit believing in the Easter rabbit when I was a punk? Well, at first I was sore as a pup, but then I remember I got to thinking, and I thought, Well, what difference does it make if it was a real Easter rabbit, for gosh' sake, or not, or if it was just

PHOTO BY VICTOR KEPPLER

Mom? Like you were always back of everything.

And then that year they caught me playing poker in the gym locker at high school. I thought I was too big for you to lick, even using a hairbrush, but I wasn't, even if I was a lot bigger than you. But the thing was the way you told me afterward always to bet two pair before the draw but not to have delusions of grandeur about them afterward, and that the best way to bluff was to do it early and get caught at it and then never do it again, because they would keep calling you all evening thinking you were bluffing again, and you wouldn't be. I bet General MacArthur plays the same kind of poker you do, Mom.

I am glad you wrote me what you did about the war, and I have read it over a great many times. As you say, you taught me war was a great evil, but you never taught me not to stand up and fight for my rights. Some of what you said I have learned by heart, like I did the President's speech. "Son, all life is a choice. We have had to choose between fighting for the right and surrendering to evil, that's all."

Mom, when I was slogging through the mud, walking on my ankles by that time, because I had left my arches back about ten miles it seemed to me, I would have fallen out and lain down maybe except that I didn't want to write you I had quit, because thinking about it now, when things are all so strange, I do not think you ever quit any time since I have known you, and that is quite a long time. So I kept shoving along. I love you and you're the best mother anybody ever had, and it is a wonderful thing to have a mother, what I mean.

☆ THAT is really what the letter says, isn't it?

Ah, but it's wonderful to be a mother, too.

So, on Mother's Day of 1942, we'll sit down alone—a lot of us have the nest empty for the first time—and of course we'll admit that our sons and daughters are not the most remarkable children in the world. We will review their faults. We will concede that they have made a few mistakes. And then we will pray—for all of us are praying people in these times; do not let anybody kid you about that—we will pray for strength to pray only that they may be strong enough for the demands life is making upon them.

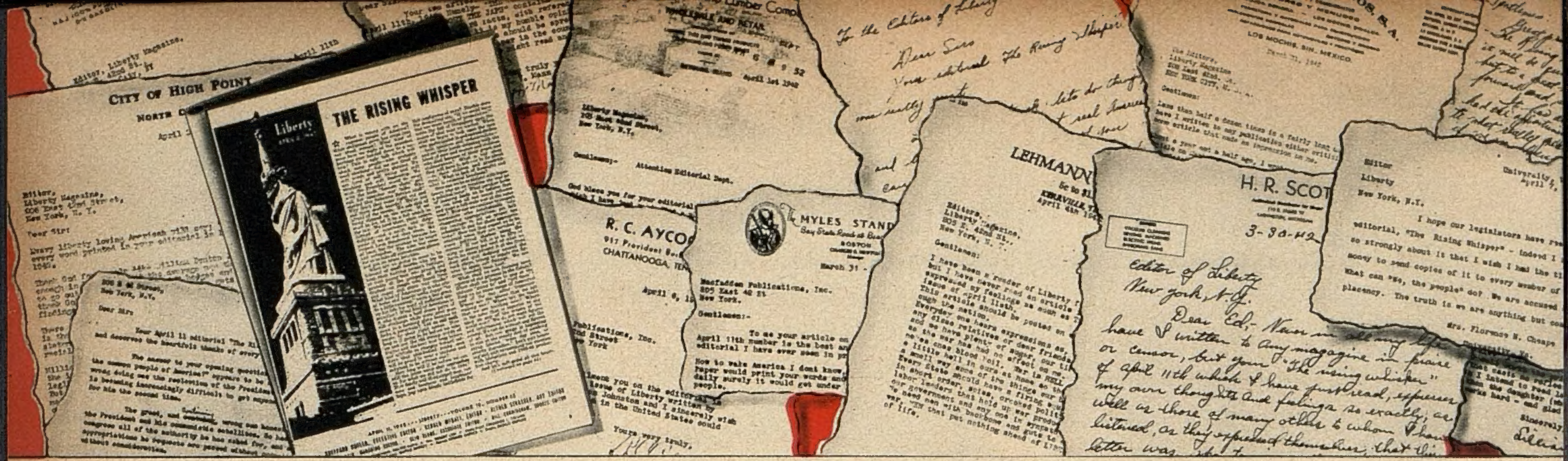
We had them as babies—as little tikes. Well, *they're* gone. They vanished—grew up. They grew up into the boys and girls we mothers have taught that there are things worth fighting for—even dying for. We did teach them that, didn't we?

They'll always come home to us sometime, they'll always be waiting for us somewhere, as long as we don't let them down.

So maybe we'll write a letter we probably won't mail. It will read something like this:

My blessed Kids: I promise you that I will fight with you every step of the way. You don't owe me anything; you've repaid it every single day by the happiness you've given me just existing. This is a great time we're living in—a great battle we're privileged to fight. Give 'em hell, the hell they've let loose upon this earth. Turn it back upon them, and remember—life is a very little thing unless it is made great by honor and courage and love. With those—you live forever. Believe that because—Mom says so.

THE END



JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

OHIO-BORN NOVELIST LOUIS BROMFIELD writes of India with authority. His illuminating word picture of that war-beleaguered country which begins on page 14 of this issue has its background in a lively interest translated into study and action. Some writers of fiction stay home and contemplate the scenes of which they write from (to put it grandiloquently) their ivory towers. Not so Mr. Bromfield. Having chosen India as a subject, he went there.

LOUIS BROMFIELD

"I have spent much time in India," he writes us, "living in the country both in British and Indian states, among the Indian people. I list among my close friends many Indians, including political leaders, and have been in close contact with them in England, Europe, and India, and in the United States. I have witnessed many of the remarkably rapidly changing conditions there, and am a believer in a great future for India as a nation."

Two of Mr. Bromfield's novels, The Rains Came and Night in Bombay, have dealt with the Indian background and people. . . . What a novel could be written of India today! The valiant hope for "a great future as a nation" seems a hope against odds, in view of recent events, but the United Nations, fighting *in* the present, are fighting *for* the years to come. There's drama in India, and Mr. Bromfield's article will help you understand it.

THE TOP OF THIS PAGE gives you a glimpse of a tiny bit of our editorial mail. This handful of letters was picked at random from a veritable deluge—one of the most remarkable in Liberty's history—in praise of our April 11 editorial, The Rising Whisper. Liberty readers have always been quick to commend or (if they feel like it) to disagree. Its mailbags are always full. But a piled-up chorus of praise like this is an event; mostly people take pens in hand when the subject is controversial—as in the case of an editorial last year on a gentleman named Lindbergh (remember?).

Excerpts from a few comments on The Rising Whisper appear in Vox Pop this week. Here are more:

From Mexico: "In my opinion, if ever the truth was written, he has written it." . . . From an army captain: "Outstanding editorial for all time." . . . "Best I have ever read" . . . "Compels and impels me to become a subscriber." . . . "Every American should read this thoughtfully and let his conscience answer." . . . "I wish I had the time and money to send copies of it to every member of Congress." . . . "It's too bad the whole 130,000,000 or so of us can't read your editorial in this week's Liberty." . . . "Certainly is the nearest thing to the truth about what we need of anything I have read in years."

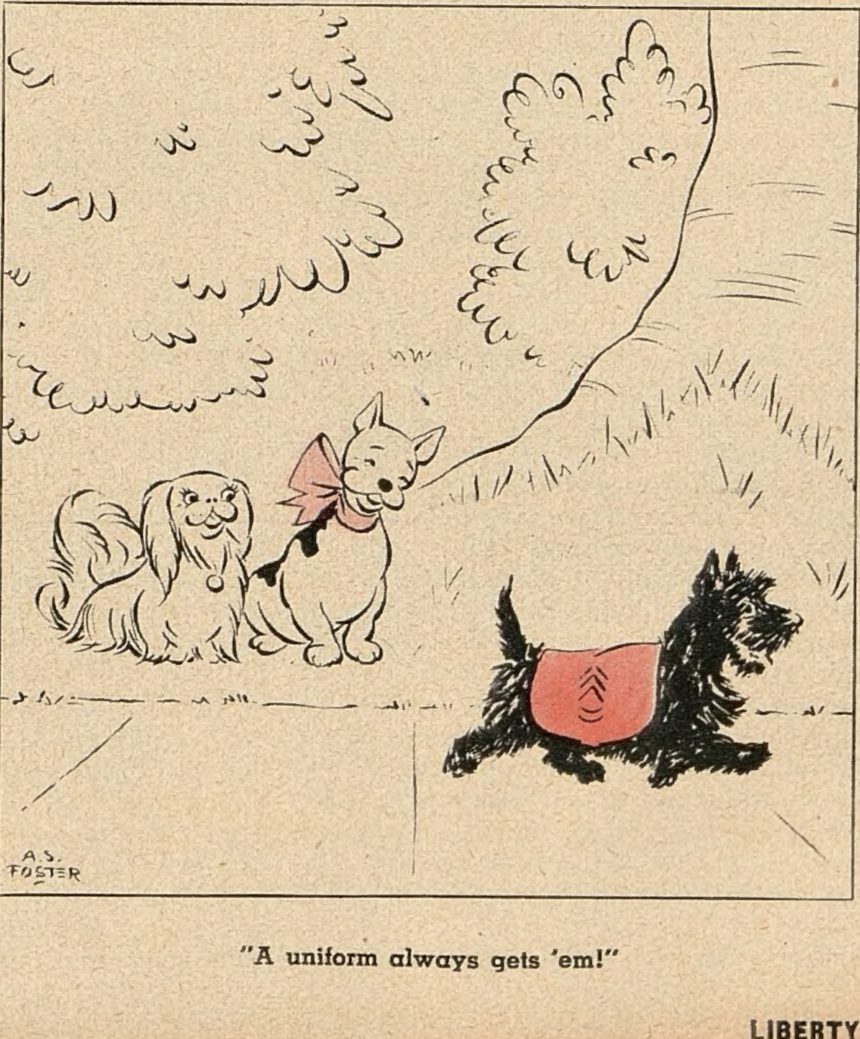
And from an Englishman, writing from New York: "As a British Merchant Navy officer, waiting here for his ship which you are so kindly building for us, I've heard *and seen* all you're getting at in your editorial. We had the same thing in the U. K. before the blitzes (you don't need blitzes). You are, from our observation, rarin' to go. How the 'man-in-the-street' is rarin', we can easily see.

"Demand more of your people; demand the limit . . . and watch them go! That's my honest opinion. This ain't literature because I feel too deeply to worry about verbs. (My mother was bombed.)"

LETTERS LIKE THOSE not only warm the cockles of editors' hearts; they show the temper of a people. The Rising Whisper, you remember, assembled the thoughts about America and the war of plain men and women in thirteen states. William Benton Johnston of Whiteville, Tennessee, who put it on paper for us, writes us now: "I think that I look upon it with more pride than any work I have had published."

The Editors

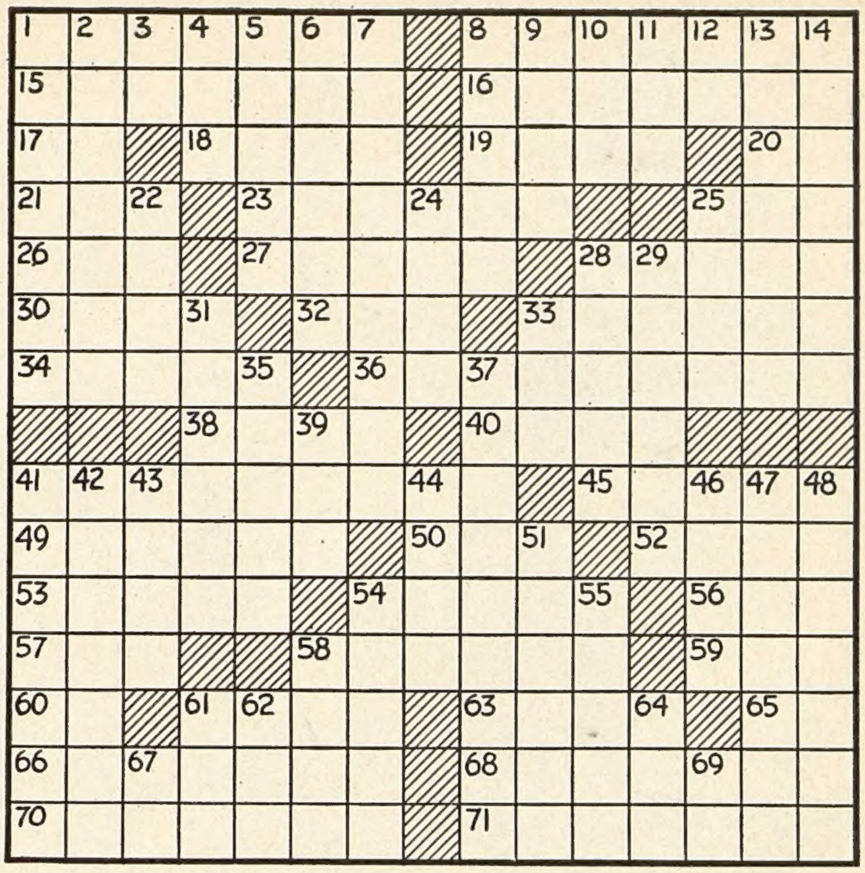
FALA



"A uniform always gets 'em!"

Cockeyed Crosswords

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 They're home, home on the range
8 She makes a flow'ry housemaid
15 To soil up the Huns (Russian)
16 Where Americans have landed to keep the snakes out
17 Part sober, part soused
18 What the mountain boys said when they reckinized the critter in the well
19 Rip cord to open
20 Sign of Victory, with ½ an M
21 Would-be Broadways (abbr.)
23 Visits the tannery with dad
25 Product of whaling, followed by blubbering
26 Cee ex
27 Magic word used in grasping Ethiopian by the pedal extremity and making a selection
28 Fairy's juke joint
30 Waves the nobbin in recognition
32 Lovely Garlic-scented Syllables (abbr.)
33 What Mrs. Fatso does abruptly on her front porch
34 Gnasty gninsects
36 Monday-night dinner (pl.)
38 Eeee
40 Tricky thing
41 Noodle stuffing
45 Subway riders soon get the hang of this
49 She and her sister've been doing well on Broadway
50 Almost thin
52 Kind of tonic that'll raise a beard
53 Cries out of the knight
54 Mechanized darns
56 Color of France
57 Pigheaded Hydrocephalic Foney (abbr.)
58 License the sky pilot
59 Send Mussolini Violets! (abbr.)
60 What the Dodger fan done good after dem Bums won!
61 A Bard, bard man
63 Ventilate the ribs in Italian style
65 Fire aviators find too hot (abbr.)
66 Why did Singapore fall? Who do the Japs think they are?
68 Kind of diseases organists get
70 96 members of the Washington Gas Co. (pl.)
71 Pertaining to routing the linguistics through the schnarzola

VERTICAL

1 Putting two and two together
2 Human steam heat
3 Cramped Indian quarters
4 Complimentary swappables (abbr.)
5 "Me fate is in the - - - - - of the gods!" cried the double-jointed Oirishman
6 Armor for peanut-brittle fiends
7 Got water down the wrong way
8 Him gave much Injun trouble
9 Feathered Clippers
10 Ain't it a shane the things he gets away with!
11 Lou, a little mixed up
12 Nonbeatable Arsenal (abbr.)
13 Heaven help the one who sets foot here!
14 Book soldiers call the Meat Book
22 Burp powder
24 The higher the dictators do, the further they fall
25 Red government bonds
28 Difference between a nickel and a dime shine
29 Feeleth as if one could eateth up the adored
31 Rendered stinko
33 Excellent nickname for one who gets 31 Vertical
35 Kind of men who won't take no for an answer
37 He has more degrees than a thermometer
39 It hardly makes sense
41 Finders
42 Grampaw's evening dress
43 The viking
44 Bubbling with joy juice
46 Disgusted rodent ejaculation
47 Ozone billet (two words)
48 Unattainable in a goldfish bowl
51 She danced on the piano for Grieg
54 It's false as the platinum in a bleached blonde's hair
55 Little trips on the river
58 Surprised molding
61 Miss Clare's first name
62 It's old to Nazis
64 Critical burp from Lamb
67 Definitely Nuts (abbr.)
69 Where the Reds are warring on the Pirates and going out on strikes (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

E	S	A	■	E	R	A	S	E	■	I	T	E	M
L	A	R	■	L	I	N	E	R	■	R	A	M	A
I	L	E	■	A	T	O	N	E	■	A	R	I	D
D	E	N	■	T	E	N	■	■	A	D	O	R	E
E	M	O	T	E	S	■	C	O	L	E	■	■	■
■	■	S	O	D	■	L	A	M	A	■	S	P	A
O	T	E	L	■	D	E	N	I	M	■	T	A	B
P	E	■	E	L	E	V	A	T	E	■	A	R	E
A	N	■	R	A	T	E	L	■	D	E	B	I	T
L	D	■	A	V	E	R	■	S	A	D	■	■	■
■	■	S	T	A	R	■	R	E	S	U	M	E	D
R	A	T	E	■	■	Z	E	D	■	C	A	S	E
I	M	E	■	A	R	E	N	A	■	A	N	T	E
V	E	R	■	C	A	R	A	T	■	T	O	E	D
E	N	E	■	T	H	O	L	E	■	E	R	R	S

Last week's answer

INHALING NEED NOT
mean throat-irritation
—for YOU!

These facts about the five most popular cigarettes are *given by eminent doctors who compared them:**

In striking contrast to PHILIP MORRIS—the four other brands averaged more than three times as irritating.

Also—their irritant effects lasted more than five times as long!

In PHILIP MORRIS you enjoy this *real protection—added to finer* pleasure . . . *even when you do inhale!*

YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING-BUT YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

(*Reported in authoritative medical journals.)

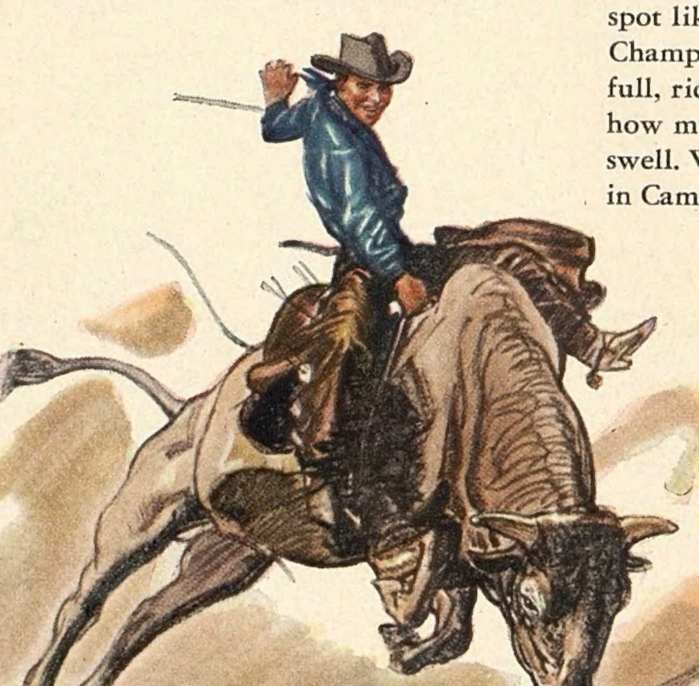
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. Ltd Inc.
Call for PHILIP MORRIS

"Let 'er Ride!"

RODEO OR RANGE—TOP-HANDS AGREE: "THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A CAMEL"

GRAND CHAMPION ALL-'ROUND COWBOY FRITZ TRUAN also has a Saddle Bronc title to his credit. Wherever the riding is the roughest . . . you'll find Fritz in action (*right*) or enjoying a Camel as above. "Camels are extra mild," says Fritz. "I've smoked 'em for 10 years." Yes, Fritz, Camels *are* milder. There's less nicotine in the smoke.

"AFTER A REAL TOUGH RIDE, believe me, nothing hits the spot like a Camel," says Steer-Riding Champion Gene Rambo (*below*). "That full, rich flavor is great—and no matter how much I smoke, Camels always taste swell. What's more, the extra smoking in Camels is mighty welcome economy."



"LESS NICOTINE in the smoke makes good horse sense to me," explains Bareback Bronc ace Hank Mills (*above*). "*Camels* have the mildness that counts. They've got the flavor, too." Everywhere you go, it's the same —for extra mildness, coolness, and flavor, *there's nothing like a Camel*—America's favorite.

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested — slower than any of them — Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Camel

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina